

M A R I A M N E;

O R,

IRISH ANECDOTES.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

ASHTON PRIORY, BENEDICTA, POWIS CASTLE, &c.

V O L. II.

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M A R I A M N E;

OR,

IRISH ANECDOTES.

C H A P. I.

BY the expiration of the season, Lady Derrick felt her health and spirits so much restored, that she had thoughts of making the tour of England. That pleasurable scheme was at length finally resolved on, and they were to leave Bath on the next morning. During that evening, Mariamne had observed with much pleasure that her Ladyship was more than usually cheerful; and when she took leave of her for the night, there was something pathetically tender in her address: besides the affectionate embrace with which she always bade her beloved girl adieu, she now dropped on

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her

her knees, and fervently implored for her every blessing ; then rising, and pressing her to her bosom, said, " The rose of life, my Mariamne, blossoms not without thorns ; but persevere in virtue's path, and felicity will still be your's ; but to enjoy that truly, the heart must first be prepared by suffering ; recoil not, my child, at the lot of human nature ; truth and innocence, like your's, must finally be rewarded."

Emotion here stopped her voice. They parted in tears.

On the next morning Mariamne went to her Ladyship's apartment, at the usual hour on which she used to attend her, and drew back the curtains of her bed, with a tender enquiry after her health ; but no answer was returned. She closed the curtains again, and sat down in an easy chair by the bed-side. Alarmed at hearing no sound of respiration, she arose with trepidation, and too soon discovered the fatal truth : Lady Derrick, the maternal friend of Mariamne, the friend of human nature, *was no more* ; cold was that heart which ever beat in unison with the finest feelings of philanthropy ; lifeless those hands which daily were stretched out to relieve the distressed. But we must draw a veil over the scene which immediately followed, despairing of being
able

able to paint the distress of Mariamne sinking beneath the emotions of an affection truly and eminently filial. Selfish consideration had certainly no part in her affliction. She had loved Lady Derrick with a pure disinterested love, independent of any advantages resulting from her patronage. Her loss was as the loss of a dear invaluable parent. In the abundance of her sorrow, she had, however, recollection enough to direct the immediate writing to Dr. Alford, requesting his instant presence in England, as the only person she could look to for direction and consolation in so dismal a crisis. During the time requisite for the conveyance of her melancholy intelligence she abandoned herself to sorrow. Had Major M'Kenzie been present, she would have possessed an active sympathizing friend; but now, all was desolation and solitary woe.

At length she saw the arrival of some one from Ireland; it was not Dr. Alford, but a creature of the Obriens, deputed to order the interment of her benefactress's dear remains, which were not permitted to rest in the vault of her ancestors, but privately interred at Bath, with no other honours than the pious tears of the now friendless Mariamne. By the

hand of this servant she received the following laconic note from Mrs. Obrien.

Miss Mariamne,

' You will hereby be pleased to understand, that the day of your triumph over credulity and weakness is at an end: you are reduced to your native beggary; and will do well to set your foot no more on the Irish shore.

MARY OBRIEN.'

The messenger of this malicious woman had it also in charge to secure whatever effects Lady Derrick might have had about her at Bath, even to her watch and wearing apparel. After which he returned to Ireland, leaving Mariamne to her unhappy fate. She had asked no questions respecting the disposal of her Ladyship's affairs; but the following letter, which she received the next post from Dr. Ad-
ford, informed her of all.

My dear Child,

' Had it been possible, instead of this letter, you had seen me ere now in England. Yes, my Mariamne, I would have flown to your distress on the wings of
fatherly

‘fatherly love; but I am prevented.
 ‘What can I say!—you must remain
 ‘where you are;—Ireland is no place
 ‘for you;—and I doubt not but by vir-
 ‘tuous industry you may comfortably
 ‘support yourself, provided you are
 ‘not so unhappy as to have imbibed a
 ‘taste for that mode of life, which, it
 ‘seems, you can enjoy no longer. It
 ‘will be your interest to forget the past,
 ‘and to—

‘But why write I thus in the cold style
 ‘of an unfeeling adviser, when you have
 ‘so reasonable a ground to expect your
 ‘Alford’s door ready to receive, and his
 ‘arms to welcome you. Alas! here you
 ‘can enter no more; you cannot visit Ire-
 ‘land. Ask not the reason, but, if pos-
 ‘sible, snatch to yourself some portion of
 ‘happiness out of your untoward destiny,
 ‘and forget there is such a person as my-
 ‘self in being.

‘But, upon reflection, I feel that this
 ‘cool, ambiguous language will be more
 ‘distressing to my Marianne’s heart than
 ‘the unfolding to her all my tale of woe.
 ‘Here, then, take the whole; better you
 ‘were shocked by the recital of my misfor-
 ‘tunes, than offered to indulge a thought
 ‘prejudicial to the sincerity of my love
 ‘for you.

‘Know,

Know, then, Mariamne, that I am at this time in a prison, confined for a debt at the suit of Mr. O'Brien, as the heir of Lady Derrick.—But I will go back to the receipt of your letter.

Upon the melancholy intelligence it contained, I thought it requisite to apprise the Obriens of what had happened; supposing neither you nor I were at liberty to take an active part on the sad occasion; though my first step had been to put my seal on every apartment of the Castle, in which I supposed any valuables to be contained; after which I assembled the weeping family about me, (and surely never was there more genuine grief expressed by a whole family,) and gave them such exhortations as I thought the afflicting circumstance required, mingling, as you may imagine, my unfeigned tears with their's. In this manner I was employed when the Obriens arrived, accompanied by Father le Jellier. I then retired to my own house, supposing my presence neither necessary or desirable.

In the afternoon of the following day I was sent for to the Castle. There were sitting in the parlour Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien, their attorney, and Father le Jellier. The former, on my entering, thus addressed me:—

“As

“As you, Dr. Alford, we know, had so particular an acquaintance with the affairs of my late sister, pray do you know of any will, or copy of a will, made by her?”

“I do not.”

“Do you imagine her Ladyship had made a will at any time?”

“I should think it probable she had, but I cannot answer for the fact.”

“They then coolly asked me to sit down, which I declined, as they seemed to have no farther business with me.”

“On the following morning I was again sent for.”

“We have diligently searched for this will, (said Mr. O'Brien,) but can find no such deed. Did you ever see one, Dr. Alford?”

“No, Sir; nor do I imagine her Ladyship would have thought my opinion requisite in the disposal of her affairs.”

“We must doubtless conclude (resumed Mr. O'Brien) there exists no such instrument; and therefore (with a pompous solemnity) I find myself the heir at law of my Lady Derrick's estates, real and personal.”

“I wish you joy thereof,” replied I, about to depart, deeply chagrined, my Mariamne, on your account, for well I know that her Ladyship never intended

‘ to cast thee on the frigid feelings of the
‘ Obriens;—nor ought she:—after having
‘ nurtured thee in her bosom, and bred thee
‘ up a stranger to the arts by which the
‘ necessaries of life are to be supplied, then
‘ to leave thee a prey to indigence; it
‘ was not well done, child; such negli-
‘ gence was not of a piece with her La-
‘ dyship’s character, and therefore I still
‘ think ——— But no matter what I think.
‘ The Obriens are in possession of all,
‘ and who shall dispute their right.

‘ I was going, when Mrs. O’Brien re-
‘ minded her husband of something he had
‘ to say to me.

“ That is right, (replied he.) Doctor,
“ will you do me the favour to shew me
“ the receipts you have from time to time
“ received from her Ladyship?”

“ What receipts, Sir?”

“ For your payment of rent,—the house
“ you live in, I mean;—it was her Lady-
“ ship’s, I think.”

“ Payment of rent? Why, Sir, you sure-
“ ly cannot be ignorant that her Ladyship
“ accommodated me with that house for
“ the purpose of carrying on her plan of
“ education for the children of the poor.”

“ Children of the poor! (reiterated Le
“ Jellier, scornfully;) however, Dr. Al-
“ ford, (continued he,) if my Lady Der-
“ rick had such visionary notions, it is not
“ neces-

“ necessary that her successor should also.
“ ——— Mr. Obrien, I find this house
“ stands in the rent-roll valued at twenty
“ pounds per annum.”

“ It does, (answered he;) and, Dr. Al-
“ ford, I expect your payment of those
“ arrears you have in hand for the same.”

“ Why, Sir, it was not intended that I
“ should rent a house for the business in
“ which I was engaged by her Ladyship;
“ neither, indeed, am I worth such a sum
“ as would be required.”

“ No matter:—I will take your note.”

‘ I here paused, my child, in a mixture
‘ of surprise and resentment. Full well I
‘ knew, that were the question to stand a
‘ legal scrutiny, they had no right to de-
‘ mand any thing of me. But what could
‘ I do? They would have distrained for
‘ the demand; and what could be done in
‘ opposition to affluence and malice? I had,
‘ you know many things to me invaluable;
‘ my manuscripts, library, my mathemati-
‘ cal apparatus, which could not be re-
‘ placed but at a vast expence. To save
‘ these from iniquitous plunder, I gave
‘ my bond for the sum of three hundred
‘ pounds, which they promised never to
‘ enforce, but wait till I could, by con-
‘ venient installments, discharge the debt.
‘ I then took my leave, followed by a
‘ thousand professions of esteem and re-
‘ gard,

‘gard, which, however, I could not value from persons who had given such proofs of iniquitous rapacity.

‘Within a few hours I saw what cut my soul to the quick,—all the domestics discharged without the smallest consideration of their long and faithful services, not even a suit of mourning to compliment the memory of their late most excellent lady;—poor John, grown grey within that roof,—the old house-keeper,---and several others, whose hearts are too far broken to allow them to seek bread in another service;—all these, my Mariamne, turned out of doors, to face the horrors of poverty, united with the infirmities of age. Oh! it was cruelty, indeed! I flung open my door to the mournful group. “Here, my honest friends, (said I,) you shall ever find a welcome.”

‘But, alas! that privilege was, it seems, mine no longer. Within a few hours afterwards I was arrested at the suit of Mr. Obrien, on the bond which I had weakly given but the day before. No effects to satisfy, nor friend at hand to give bail, I was immediately conducted to prison.

‘This, my poor child, is now my dreary situation, at which I am the more sensibly afflicted, as it absolutely precludes my giving the least assistance to you, who, I
‘fear,

‘ fear, will suffer from the same cruel quar-
‘ ter all which their malice shall have pow-
‘ er to effect. Indeed, I am inclined to
‘ believe they had my Mariamne in view,
‘ when they resolved on pursuing so ini-
‘ quitous a conduct to myself; for, though
‘ their personal hatred of me be great, ow-
‘ ing both to my own character, and the
‘ share I was so long known to possess in
‘ the esteem of the late excellent Lady Der-
‘ rick, yet still I believe the excluding you
‘ from all possibility of an asylum in Ire-
‘ land, was with them a chief motive. But,
‘ as a christian, I hope I do forgive them.
‘ On my own account I have little cause
‘ for sorrowing at my present condition.
“ Man (as the Poet truly says) wants but
“ little here below, nor wants that little
“ long.”

‘ I have hitherto subsisted on the casual
‘ bounty of some unknown persons, who
‘ benevolently feel for the situation of pri-
‘ soners in general. Luxuries I do not
‘ want; and why is not a prison as well as
‘ a palace to one who is no longer disposed
‘ to relish the pleasures of life, and who
‘ seems to have outlived his social com-
‘ forts? But on your account, I own, I
‘ am greatly distressed; yet from your pru-
‘ dence and trièd magnanimity of mind, I
‘ expect much. England will afford you a

‘ comfortable subsistence ; seek it out of
‘ hand, my child, and be happy.

‘ Your misfortunes are severe ; but cherish hope ; it is both your duty and interest to do so ; and let not trivial circumstances discompose you. I am so well acquainted with your filial piety, as to conclude your feelings hurt by the ignominious manner in which these unworthy bigots have disposed of your dear benefactress’s remains ; not thought worthy, it seems, to mingle dust with their’s. But, for our comfort, we may remember, that the persecuting spirit reaches not beyond the grave ; and for the poor body, it matters not where it is deposited. Invaluable woman ! whose enlarged soul knew no distinctions of sects or parties. But no more of this.—Adieu, my Mariamne, child of my heart ; blessings attend you, prays

‘ Your ever affectionate,

‘ HUBERT ALFORD.’

Before the receipt of this letter, Mariamne had, as well as her scattered thoughts would allow, meditated on the means of procuring a subsistence in England, either by her needle, or attending on some lady. To throw herself a dead weight on the
nar-

narrow finances of Dr. Alford, was an idea which she would not for a moment indulge. Her situation was soon become a public topic; and those who a short time before could discern nobility in her very air, now wondered at the effrontery of a foundling, in ranking with people of condition. By the female part of her acquaintance she was indeed deserted with contempt, but the gentlemen were more assiduous in their attention than ever. One or two noblemen warmly offered her friendship and protection; but she was not such a novice in the character of mankind, as to be ignorant of their meaning; and therefore, decidedly rejecting every overture, she determined to rely on her own industry in some obscure situation; Dr. Alford's letter, however, gave a different turn to her thoughts; she determined on going immediately to Ireland.

"What, (said she to herself,) shall this excellent man be a prisoner, destitute, probably, of every comfort in life; and shall I remain here, intent only on selfish considerations! No,—I will fly to him; perhaps I may console him by my attentions, while I administer to his comfort by the labours of industry; at least I will suffer with him."

But before she could set out on her return, a letter arrived from a quarter which

much surprised her : it was from Father le Jellier, containing a twenty pound bank-note, and was to the following effect : That, having ever retained a profound regard for her, he was the more sensibly touched by a sense of her present disagreeable situation, and this the rather, as the distance between them put it out of his power to tender the assistance which his heart dictated. Would she return to Ireland, he would endeavour, by every exertion of friendship, to alleviate her distresses ; as a small proof of which disposition, he begged her acceptance of the enclosed bill. He then mentioned Dr. Alford's situation, which he referred wholly to Mr. Obrien's avarice, which it had not been in his power to controul ; but assured her his endeavours should yet strenuously be exerted for his liberation and future comfort.

This unexpected epistle extremely puzzled our fair heroine. One minute she thought the Doctor must have been too hasty in his conjectures, by ascribing to Le Jellier a part which he now seemed incapable of acting in the affair of his arrest. Again, it was all base hypocrisy which suggested the letter she had received ; but then, what view or interest could he have in dissembling with her, or pretending a friendship which he did not feel. In short, she knew not what to think of it ;

it; however, she determined not to accept the bill; and as for going back to Ireland, she should have done so, had Le Jellier given no such invitation.

We are now to follow her once more across the channel. When the packet arrived at Dublin, she saw a genteel-looking middle-aged woman standing on the quay, who seeing her come ashore, stepped up to her, and enquired if her name was not Derrick.

"It is not Derrick, (she replied;) but I imagine I am the person you meant to enquire for. Pray, Madam, what is your business with me?"

"Father le Jellier (returned the other) has deputed me to meet you on your landing. He is at my house, and is impatient to see you."

This conduct looked friendly: Mariamne felt it so, and therefore readily accompanied Mrs. Coleman to her house; and this, indeed, the rather, as she was an utter stranger to Dublin, and knew not immediately how to discover the Doctor's melancholy residence.

The house to which she was conducted was a genteel one, in the suburbs. Here she found Father le Jellier, who received her with cordial affection, and lamented, with much tenderness, the heavy loss which she had recently sustained, not

without some covert reflections on Lady Derrick for neglecting to provide for her.

"I had no right to expect it, Father, (replied she;) however, if, as you seem to think, such provision ought to have been made, I am confident my beloved benefactress, whose soul was rectitude, would not have omitted it, had time been allowed for that consideration."

"I admire your candour, my dear, as much as I pity your misfortunes. Be mine the happy task to dry your tears, and supply, in some measure, the loss you have suffered by her Ladyship's death. Nay, do not weep, my child. Her Ladyship was, you know, of a great age,—sixty-seven, I think,—therefore could not have been expected long with us. Be comforted.—What friendship can, I will do for you."

"How shall I repay this goodness? but indeed, Sir, you know not my affliction; ---I am more than twice an orphan; yet cannot the worst I may yet suffer erase from my mind one moment a filial veneration of her Ladyship's virtues. Best and most amiable of women!"

Here her tears flowed bitterly. The Father exerted himself to give her consolation by fresh assurances of his sincere friendship. At length, endeavouring to suppress her grief, she arose, and requested
he

he would give her a direction to the prison in which her dear Dr. Alford was confined.

"I can have no business in Ireland (added she) but to attempt the administering to his comfort."

"That is admirably said, my dear young lady; and I thank you on the Doctor's behalf, whose misfortunes afflict me more than I can say at present. Could I have influenced, as I wished, that implacable man, Mr. Obrien, this could never have been; however I am not quite hopeless on the occasion; my mediation, I trust, will yet be successful."

"And have you, Sir, kindly undertaken the cause of that good man? Oh! how much do I reverence your goodness! You cannot, I am certain, plead in vain. Mr. Obrien must relent at your intercession. I will hasten to rejoice with him in the blessed prospect."

"Not quite so hasty, (smiling.) You cannot, I believe, see the Doctor at this time."

"Not see him!—Why, dear Sir?—What——"

"Sit down again, and I will tell you my reasons, Madam. I need not, I presume, remind you that Mr. Obrien is insensible to your merit; nay more, for I must not palliate circumstances, you are, my poor child,

child, the object of his inveterate hatred ; and to be revenged on you, was, I fancy, a principal motive for his severity to your friend. Now, as I am at this time endeavouring to soften matters in the Doctor's favour, you must be convinced it would be highly improper for you to be seen ; for, should the knowledge of your being in Ireland reach Mr. O'Brien, there would be an end to all our hopes at once ; and for myself, I could expect nothing but to be reckoned among the objects of his bitter revenge."

Mariamne thought she discerned some propriety in this reasoning, which she was the more ready to admit, as Dr. Alford himself had, in his letter to her, hinted, that in his treatment something might be levelled at her. She therefore desisted from her intention of visiting the Doctor at present ; and as Le Jellier informed her he was just going to see him, she made him the bearer of her dutiful sentiments.

"I will (said he) not only acquaint my poor friend of his Mariamne's arrival, but of the filial tenderness also which she bears him. His worthy heart will be rejoiced. But, my dear Madam, let me entreat you, for all our sakes, to be cautious ; do not attempt to stir out of doors. This good lady, Mrs. Coleman, will omit nothing to render your abode with
her

her agreeable: you will be pleased with each other; and to her care I willingly confide you. I will see you as often as possible; meantime be comforted, and, if possible, cheerful."

He then bade her good night, and she retired to meditate with fervent gratitude on her felicity in finding so ardent a friend in Le Jellier, one of the last persons she could have expected such goodness from.

"How deficient (said she to herself,) have I been in the respect due to this valuable character. Never did I suppose so much benevolence to have had a place in his heart. It was a criminal prejudice I indulged; but I am sorry for my error, and will endeavour to atone for it by my future gratitude. Alas! in this imperfect state, how blindly do we judge of each other! Father le Jellier I thought my enemy; but he is my warmest friend. How can I doubt his sincerity, when I see that he hazards every consideration which is dear to him for the sake of benefiting the injured."

C H A P.

C H A P. II.

MRS. COLEMAN was a widow of about forty, possessed of an income sufficient to support her without any exertions for its accumulation. She lived in a retired, comfortable way, keeping only one woman servant and an errand boy, and was what the world calls a very good kind of woman; that is to say, she was neither vicious nor a fool, though without either abilities or virtues to render herself conspicuous. Her manner was extremely gentle and inoffensive, and she seemed to have a good deal of good nature, though her fund of ideas was certainly very small. The last consideration however, had no weight with Mariamne, who could think only of the obligation she was under to her hospitality; but the kind hostess assured her she might make herself easy

easy on that head, as Father le Jellier would amply satisfy for her lodging and board.

"You have been long acquainted with each other, I presume, Madam."

"Yes, yes,—Father le Jellier has been my confessor these twenty years.—and a pure man he is."

"He is a good man, indeed, a disinterested friend."

"And one, Miss, who loves you dearly. I would not have undertaken such an affair for any body but Father le Jellier."

"What affair?"

Mrs. Coleman looked somewhat confounded; she evidently hesitated for a reply. "Affair, Miss? Oh, you will know what I mean; I mean your coming to my house. But what is there that I would not do to oblige him?"

There was an ambiguity in this which secretly alarmed Mariamne. After a short pause, however, she could see nothing in it but Mrs. Coleman's silly manner, which had been apparent enough in every conversation she had had with her. Pleased, therefore, with an obscure situation and retired way of life, she endeavoured to be serene, and to cultivate the hope of better days. So far from infringing the injunction of le Jellier, she was unwilling to be seen even at the windows. The Father paid her one visit or more every day, and

as constantly brought her the Doctor's tender benediction, with such accounts of his health as gave her sincere satisfaction. These instances of officious kindness exalted the good Father so much in her esteem, that the only pleasure she seemed to enjoy was in expressing the high regard she entertained of his character, as well as her gratitude for his singular benevolence.

"But can you, Sir, (said she,) set no limit to my impatience and suspense? Can you not name the day when you think it probable at least I might be allowed to visit Dr. Alford?"

"I daily expect (he returned) an answer to my last letter to Mr. Obrien, that will determine, Madam. I hope, however, you do not feel so retired a situation irksome."

"By no means. I wish not for company; but indeed, Sir, I am anxious to see Dr. Alford, were it only to be directed by him in the means of repaying my obligations to yourself."

"You need not trouble him on that head, my dear; I can put you in a method of discharging the whole score at once."

Alarmed by his looks, which expressed the libertine rather than the priest, and still more at his snatching her hand with an unbecoming ardour, she retreated in confusion to the opposite side of the parlour.

four. Mrs. Coleman just then entering, he soon after took his leave, assuring Mariamne he would not fail seeing her on the morrow. The two ladies sitting down to tea, the following conversation took place between them.

Mar. My dear Mrs. Coleman, I cannot for my life get rid of a violent curiosity to know what you meant the other evening by *the affair* you mentioned.

Mrs. Col. You pretty well understand what my meaning was, Miss, I am certain, and this question of your's is only to sound whether I am in the secret or not, bridling with a significant air as a confidential person.

Mar. You are still more enigmatical now, my good Madam. Pray what is this secret?

Mrs. Col. Still fishing, young lady, — (laughing;) but to let you see I am thought worthy of some confidence, I will tell you that I know the violent passion Father le Jellier has for you, and that he designs to support you as a lady, though it must be quite a private affair, you know; and I assure you, Miss, he is rich enough, and generous enough, to do all he promises by you.

Mar. (alarmed) Dear Mrs. Coleman, can this be true? But pray, how happens it that you, who seem to be a person of

discretion, should lend your countenance to such an affair?

Mrs. Col. To be sure, Miss, none ever called in question my discretion; and I must own, when the Father first proposed my house for this purpose, I had my scruples, till he convinced me there would be no sin in the connexion he meant to form with you.

Mar. And how did he convince you of that?

Mrs. Col. I have almost forgot now, but I remember he made it as clear as noon-day. I believe he said sin was not sin, but when committed as such. Now, in the amour he means to carry on, though the outward act might appear sinful to common eyes, yet he should so preserve the purity of his soul, as to render it rather an act of virtue, which, as a priest, and a holy man, too, you know, he could be able to effect.

Mar. You would then allow such conduct to be sinful in a layman?

Mrs. Col. Undoubtedly,—a deadly sin;—for a layman could not pretend to such sanctity of soul; for, as Father le Jellier says, none but a truly spiritualized man can attain that abstraction from sensual ideas.

Mar. Admirable casuistry! but, though the Father has so ingenuously shifted the guilt from himself, I cannot but think, Mrs. Coleman, some part of it will rest
with

with you, for consenting to countenance so vile a transaction.

Mrs. Col. Oh, the good Father has taken care of that. To be plain with you, he gave me absolution before hand; besides, he engages to procure me from the Pope a dispensation for fifteen days from the pains of purgatory.

On any other occasion, such an instance of blind credulity would have moved the compassion of Mariamne; she could now only be attentive to the horror of her own situation. Despairing to effect any thing so completely enslaved by priest-craft, as was that of Mrs. Coleman, she dropped the subject, and retired in the utmost distress of mind to her chamber. Here she revolved the whole tenor of le Jellier's conduct, and saw sufficient reason to condemn her own credulity in falling so easily into his snare. However, it might not be yet too late to escape; she had no reason to think her quitting Mrs. Coleman's house would be attended with any difficulty; early on the following morning, therefore, she would endeavour to leave it unobserved: but then, what was to become of Dr. Alford? that thought greatly perplexed her, as she could not but see le Jellier's good offices respecting him would cease the moment he should be convinced of her abhorring his vile measures; yet af-

ter a short pause she was convinced, that no considerations of that kind ought to prevent her immediate flight, since so well did she know the rectitude of the Doctor's principles, as to be assured he would rather perish in his prison than owe his enlargement to such means.

That night she closed not her eyes to sleep, and as soon as it was light rose with an intention of quitting the house; but when she had as softly as possible reached the front door, she found no key, Mrs. Coleman, as was her usual custom, had taken it with her to her chamber. Sorely disappointed, she regained her own apartment, resolving to watch the favourable moment. After sitting in the utmost anxiety till some of the family were stirring, she heard a rap at the door, and presently the voice of le Jellier below. It was not a time to express her resentments, and she was persuaded it was necessary for her to appear as unembarrassed as possible. Meeting her in the dining-room, he accosted her with a gay air. "Well, my fair maiden, I bring you good news this time; the business succeeds well; Dr. Alford will be liberated in a few days; but I cannot then promise you shall see him. Should Mr. Obrien know you are in Ireland—"

"It

"It will be time enough, Sir, to concert prudential measures when the Doctor is enlarged."

"Aye, so it will. But come, tell me what I shall be entitled to for this piece of service."

"Mine and the Doctor's ardent thanks and prayers."

"A fig for prayers;—I expect another sort of payment, (offering to take her hand, which she tremblingly withdrew.) Come, come, my angel, it is time I should tell you a bit of my mind. I am but an awkward sort of lover, but no matter, I can tell my mind as sincerely as another. I have long admired that sweet face of thine; and though the laws of our church forbid me from marrying, it cannot hinder me from loving; therefore, child, accept an old fellow, who will support thee with ease, aye, and splendour, provided it be done in a corner; thou shalt dress as gay as Lady Catherine herself; for, though I may appear a poor shabby priest, I have wherewith to support such a sweet girl as thee, and something more. Come, tell me then, that ease, plenty, and good-humour with an old fellow, are better than starving upon charity, which must soon be your lot, if you are weak enough to refuse my offer, as you foolishly

ly did the twenty pound note I would have given you."

During this address, Mariamne sat half dead with terror; she found he paused for her answer: recollecting herself, and the caution necessary to be observed, she answered, that she could listen to no intimations of the kind, as long as Dr. Alford should remain in confinement.

"But if he were released, what then?"

"I can engage for no conditions——"

The trepidation of voice which her terror excited, passed on the fond priest for the soft confusion of a mind half consenting to his address. He arose with an air of rapture, and exclaimed, "This hour I will see what can be done, and before night I will bring you news of the Doctor's enlargement; but remember, I don't engage you shall see him immediately. Adieu. I will wait on Mr. Obrien's attorney this instant, and hasten the business."

He then stepped nimbly down stairs, and Mariamne, from her window, carefully watched till he was out of sight; she then hurried down stairs, and meeting no opposition, for Mrs. Coleman had not yet quitted her chamber,) ran into the street, where luckily meeting with an hackney coach, she ordered the man to drive to the prison where Dr. Alford was confined.

C H A P.

C H A P. III.

DR. ALFORD's satisfaction at seeing his beloved pupil, could only be equalled by his astonishment at finding her in Ireland; for all which Le Jellier had told her respecting the probability of the Doctor's enlargement, was a mere fabrication, invented for the purpose of serving his base design. He had not seen the Doctor since his unfortunate arrest; and so far was he from really seeking to befriend him, that there could be no doubt but his advice had been the principal spring of that cruel affair. Le Jellier's villainy, thus demonstrated, struck them both with horror and astonishment.

"Audacious wretch!" (exclaimed the Doctor,) how durst he cloak his vile conduct beneath the sacred veil of religion! Nothing, my child, but a conviction like the present, could ever have persuaded me that the human heart could attain so tremendous a pitch of iniquity."

He

He then tenderly rebuked her for leaving England, regretting that her regard for himself should have betrayed her into a situation, inimical as well to her safety, as to her comfortable subsistence in life; which she answered only by asking, whether he did not suppose the malice of his enemies had now done its worst with respect to himself.

"Why, yes, child, I think they can pursue me no farther than these dreary walls."

"Then, Sir, (resumed she,) I am satisfied with inhabiting these dreary walls in company of my only earthly friend; they at least afford me an asylum from iniquity and malice; and if, by my labours, I can contribute to your more comfortable subsistence, or by my presence sooth your grief, I shall be as happy as a sense of your sufferings will allow me to be."

"And who (exclaimed the Doctor, lifting up his hands, while his eyes swam in tears) shall pronounce the close of Alford's life unhappy, whilst blest with this testimony of filial love!"

As they were speaking, the turnkey brought in a small basket of provisions to the prisoner, consisting of broken victuals, supplied by the casual hand of charity.

"Come, (said he to Mariamne, with a smile,) will you eat with me? This is the first

first time I have broken my fast these twenty-four hours. But what (seeing she wept), are you shocked at the meanness of my table? Remember, my child, the lesson I have often taught you, that the real good of man has a higher source than mere animal gratification. What, shall those who are merely travellers to a better country, suffer themselves to be much affected with the indifferent accommodations they may chance to meet with on the way?"

While, with humble submission, this excellent man partook of his homely fare, Mariamne took a sorrowful survey of his wretched apartment; a heap of straw in one corner was the bed; a sorry plank of wood the table; and on either side the fire-place, (where only a few dying embers were to be seen,) stood an old leather stool. Such was the furniture; and even this the compassion of the gaoler had provided. She felt, however, some little consolation in the hope that it would soon be in her power to procure some farther articles of comfort and convenience. Full of her project, after having secured for herself an apartment adjoining the Doctor's, she went into the town, and diligently applied for needle-work at some capital warehouses. She was successful, obtained a full supply of employment, and being remarkable both for neatness and

and expedition, she soon found herself enabled to earn a very decent subsistence.

Delighted with the means of bettering the condition of her friend, her spirits, harrassed by late events, seemed to recover their usual serenity, whilst her society beguiled the tedious hours of his confinement, and was felt by him as a most comfortable relief. She constantly passed her days in the Doctor's apartment, who usually read to her as she sat at work, or amused her by some of those sage lectures, which, in her happy days, had at once pleased and instructed her. In short, they were blest in each other's company, and contrived so satisfactorily to beguile the time, that the miseries of their condition were in a manner forgot. The world shut out, (for who intrudes into the mansions of distress,) their entertainment was drawn from themselves; intellectual satisfactions, conscious integrity, pious resignation, all united to furnish a fund of delicious pleasure, which the insolence of prosperity enjoys not, nor comprehends. The society and filial tenderness of Mariamne constituted the cordial drop in the Doctor's cup of life. Resigned and tranquil he was, indeed, before her arrival, but his spirits were now so agreeably enlivened, as to produce a sensible improvement in his health, which before was obviously

viously declining; and the paternal blessings with which he almost hourly repaid her pious cares, contributed to solace her generous mind for the sorrows she had endured, under the idea of being an helpless orphan, whom the sweet voice of friendship never more would soothe.

Some months had passed in this state of serene obscurity, when, as Mariamne was one day returning to the prison, having been carrying home some work, she attracted the attention of a gentleman, who traced her unobserved to the gloomy abode in which she dwelt. Walking pretty fast, and heedless of the objects around her, she had not noticed the person who thus carefully watched her steps, and who now made it his business to enquire of the gaoler those circumstances which excited both curiosity and surprise. About breakfast-time on the following day, he introduced himself to the Doctor, who was *alone*, in the following manner:—

“My dear Sir, you will pardon, I trust, the intrusion of a stranger; but my impatience to shew the respect I have for your character and sufferings, prevented my attending to the strict rules of etiquette; therefore, without preface or apology, I make you a hearty tender of my assistance. What is there within the compass of my fortune that I can do for you?”

“You

"You talk very generously, Sir, (answered the Doctor, coolly;) but such offers from a mere stranger, are not, I suppose, intended to excite any very serious attention."

"I wish it was in my power, Sir, to lay my heart open before you, that you might read its sincerity. What shall I do to convince you——"

"Do, Sir! Why, if you would have me give you credit for so munificent a behaviour, you must frankly confess your motives for it. A conduct, so very extraordinary, must have some grounds abstracted from mere benevolence."

"I perceive, Doctor, (smiling,) you are not very sanguine in your ideas of human virtue; nor will I affect a higher degree of it than I really possess. It is true, and I own it without a blush, that I am not altogether disinterested in this conduct. To be candid, I am a warm admirer of Miss Derrick——"

"I thought as much, (interrupted the Doctor, abruptly.) And so, Sir, this was the method by which you thought to bribe the old man, whose rigid ideas might otherwise have proved a check to your *honourable* designs. Understand, however, that were this place a thousand times more wretched than it is, I would

not

not exchange it for any affluence you have in your power to bestow."

"Virtuous man! how I revere those elevated principles! Indulge me, however, with your attention for a few minutes. My views, Sir, are of a different nature from what you suppose. I had the honour of an acquaintance with Miss Derrick at Bath, and should there have declared my sentiments, but for family reasons. That business being settled, I came to Ireland with an intention of waiting on Lady Derrick; but unhappily found her Ladyship is no more. Since my arrival I have been employed in learning news of the young lady, but was on the point of despairing ever to receive satisfaction, when fortunately I saw her pass the street. Now then, it is to you I apply, as the only surviving friend of Miss Derrick, and highly worthy of her love and confidence. If you forbid me not, I shall frankly offer her my hand, though I allow the disparity of our years almost leads me to despair of her acceptance."

"If this be the case, I sincerely ask pardon, Sir, for my precipitancy; yet, much as I imagine such a measure would be to the advantage of Mariamne, I doubt it cannot take place."

"My dear Sir, (smiling,) I am not so absurd as to believe a young and lovely woman should be expiring with passion for a man double her years; nevertheless, if Miss Derrick condescends to accept my proposal, I shall be satisfied."

"Sir, you mistake me. I mean not to insinuate any thing to your personal disadvantage; and farther, I am of opinion that her regard for me would prompt her hearty acquiescence; yet, as an honest and disinterested man, it is incumbent on me to tell you that her affections have long been engaged; and although the object of them, I am persuaded, can never be her's, yet I doubt her ability to make that return to your generosity which it seems to deserve."

"This frankness obliges me——But what, my dear Sir, are the impediments to Miss Derrick's felicity? If they are within the limits of my fortune to remove, she shall be happy. My sentiments for her are of such a nature, that I would establish her happiness at the expence of my own."

"Now, Sir, (replied the Doctor,) you force me to blush, indeed. Can you forgive my ungenerous suspicions?"

"Most readily;—for they were natural, and deserving my respect. In my turn, allow me to ask pardon for indulging my humour so far as to trifle with the feelings

ings of an honest heart. You are free, my dear Doctor; I have already cancelled your debt, and now solicit the honour of conducting you to a more eligible situation."

"It can never be;—no, never will I consent, (returned the Doctor firmly.) Sir, I am not worth a guinea in the world; your money must be totally lost; besides, I think I could wish to end my days in this prison, since the world is to me a wilderness, which affords me no relative joys. I should certainly be most happy where I am."

At that instant Mariamne appeared; but what was her surprise at seeing the Doctor conversing with Major M'Kenzie, who advanced to pay her his compliments with an air of mingled respect and tenderness. He said nothing to her of what had passed, except of the difficulty he found in prevailing on her friend to accept of liberty. Her only reply was by tears, and those, perhaps, were the most persuasive arguments. To be brief, the Major had the satisfaction of conducting them to lodgings in a neat farm house, some little distance from Dublin, which he provided as an asylum for the amiable sufferers, till something should be farther resolved on.

The Doctor, though formerly a popular minister in that city, had so carefully con-

concealed his unfortunate situation, that the knowledge of it could not have reached those many respectable persons who would cheerfully have stood forth in the behalf of their beloved old pastor. The Major's generosity having drawn him from miserable obscurity, some tidings of the affair transpired; and on the morning after his enlargement, he was visited by several who had formerly been of his congregation. They were still desirous of hearing from his lips the lectures of divine truth: a proposal was made, and cordially accepted, which in a little time reinstated the good man in the pastoral office, as minister of the same congregation he had so successfully had charge of several years before.

And now, happiness seemed once more inclined to visit hearts to which she had long been a stranger. Dr. Alford and his justly dear Mariamne were placed in a small, but comfortable habitation, where peace and competence smiled around them. The Major was their guest for the short time he purposed remaining in Ireland, nor was his happiness inferior to their's, if the consciousness of having contributed to the comfort of the deserving can be supposed capable of affording the most refined satisfaction. His regard for Mariamne, which was rather a sentiment

ment than a passion, subsided into a generous participation of her happiness, mingled with a tender concern for the apparent impossibility of her ever being united to the man of her heart. In these feelings every selfish regard was forgotten; and having learned from the Doctor the particulars of her story, he secretly resolved to effect, if possible, her future marriage with Obrien, to whom, as was before observed, he was not a stranger.

C H A P. IV.

IT was nearly six months before the Major could tear himself from the little family which he had so happily reinstated in tranquillity. The idea of parting was dreadful to him: indeed, his attachment was of that singular kind, which rendered it a matter of wonder to himself. He loved Mariamne with an ardent affection, yet felt no uneasiness at the thought of her being another's; nay, he earnestly wished her to be so, without feeling the least diminution of his tenderness, and he respected the Doctor as the first of mankind. At length he resolved on leaving Ireland. A few days before that fixed for his departure, he chanced to step into a coffee-house, and in one of the boxes his attention was arrested by the appearance of a face not unknown to him. Half a second was sufficient to enable him to recognise the countenance of Augustus O'Brien:

Obrien: that valued acquaintance it actually was; but his features wore the traces of sorrow, and his whole air was visibly dejected. He started at the Major's voice, expressed both surprise and satisfaction at the meeting, and then reverted to his former pensiveness, as though joy could be no more an inmate of his breast.

"What (cried the Major, in a jocose strain) am I to conclude from this striking dejection of yours, Obrien? Have you been unable to bring your heart from Italy?"

"It is in Ireland, (replied he, sighing,) that I am most sensible I have a heart."

"Come, don't despair;—Mariamne, I can assure you, is your own."

"Mariamne! (starting,) do you know any thing of —"

"What, if I could introduce you to her within the space of ten minutes?"

Rising from his seat, with a look of rapture, Obrien caught hold of the Major's hand, and in an earnest tone desired him to explain what he meant.

"Ocular demonstration, I suppose, (said the latter,) will be the best explanation, therefore follow me."

Mariamne and the Doctor were enjoying the beauties of a fine evening in a little
parterre

parterre before their house, when Major M'Kenzie entered, conducting Obrien.

The Major was a person, who, as he used himself to express it, loved to have his humour; that is to say, he delighted in observing the genuine workings of nature when taken by surprise, and least under the controul of reflection. The meeting of the three friends could not but exhibit a scene highly gratifying to this peculiar taste, though he sincerely regretted his having indulged it so far on the present occasion, when he saw Mariamne drop pale and motionless on the floor.

As soon as she was become sensible to the rapturous sounds of Obrien's voice, she cast her eyes tenderly on him, and deeply sighed: then turning to the Major, "Ah, Sir, (said she,) was this well done? You know not that by favouring this imprudent interview, you are ruining the best interests of your friend."

"My interest (replied Obrien) can only suffer by a diminution of Mariamne's regard. As to my fortune, it cannot now be injured; I am already as poor as malice itself could wish me; no pecuniary regards now stand in the way of my love; yet, perhaps, in my present condition, I am base in indulging it."

"What means my pupil? (cried Dr. Alford.) I cannot comprehend the meaning of this enigma."

"Briefly,

"Briefly, Sir, my father has disinherited me, spurned me from his door, and left me to support a miserable existence how I can."

Dr. Alford, who in his heart blamed the Major for promoting this interview, which, for the sake of both lovers, should have been avoided, now rose, and pressing O'Brien to his bosom, "Then, (cried he,) ever welcome here; be this humble, but tranquil, dwelling your future home."

Mariamne, with tears of tender sympathy, sat between him and the Doctor, while he related the following particulars:

"When I quitted Ireland, my Mariamne, about two years since, it was with a fixed determination to see it no more; yet I repined not at my destiny, but rather endeavoured, by a succession of new objects, to effect that serenity of mind which reason could not wholly do. With this view I visited most of the European courts, and studied the female character in all its variety, hoping (as you, I concluded, were lost to me) that my heart might at last assimilate to itself some amiable object, which I supposed my father would have been as well satisfied in my choice of, as with Lady Catharine, whom I could only regard with fixed abhorrence. The daughter of the Marquis Ferazzi most nearly resembled
my

my beloved Mariamne, in character, of all the women I had ever seen. I was well received by the family, and not unfavourably by the lady herself. I strenuously exerted myself to think desirably of that alliance, which was likely, in every respect, to answer the avaricious views of my father; but I was not in haste to enter on a state of life, the happiness of which I had now no ardent ideas of, though was fully persuaded I could be happier with that lady than any one I had seen, except the object of my heart's dearest affections.

Such was the state of my mind when I received a letter from my father, acquainting me of my aunt's death, in a manner which shewed an evident exultation that he had it now in his power to separate Mariamne and me; and conveying such intelligence as convinced me too plainly that she was still liable to the effects of his rancour. He finished his letter with a stern injunction to me to return to Ireland, in order to marry Lady Catharine. No other woman, he said, were she an empress, should be accepted as his daughter-in-law; and in case I inclined not to obey, forbade me ever to see his face more.

"The certainty that Mariamne was still unmarried, was sufficient to over balance every

every previous consideration with regard to the Marquis's family. I had never yet addressed the lady as her lover, and therefore could be guilty of no dishonour in relinquishing the ideas I had endeavoured to encourage in my own breast. In a word, I resolved to return to Ireland, to seek out the misfortunes of my dear Mariamne, of whose distress I had a melancholy presentiment.

On my return I found my mother was no more, but her measures were the measures of the whole family, consequently I could expect no alteration in my father's sentiments. He received me at first very cordially, from the expectation of my being prepared to obey his command in marrying Lady Catharine; but when convinced of my insuperable aversion to her Ladyship, his rage was beyond all limits. Father le Jellier, who had long been my secret enemy, found it not difficult to persuade him that my obstinacy, as he termed it, originated in attachment to Mariamne. I offered the only terms of pacification in my power, namely, that if my father would give up Lady Catherine, I would bind myself never to marry without his consent. He appeared softened, and I believe would have sat down easy with the conditions, but Le Jellier contrived another expedient for exciting his fury against

against me. This was no other than an invidious suggestion that I was not in my heart a true catholic. The artful priest, who had his reasons for fomenting the breach, could not have devised a more successful method. The truth is, I had long been convinced of the errors, in many instances, retained by that church, but I did not think myself obliged to avow my opinion, unless solemnly called upon so to do. That time was now arrived; my father sternly interrogated me on several articles of faith, to which I thought myself bound to give the answer of my conscience. On such an occasion I disdained prevarication, as the character of a hypocrite was ever my detestation. The result was, I was declared a disgrace to the name of Obrien. My father, foaming with rage, left it to me either to renounce what he called damnable errors, or be disinherited at once, as an alien to his family.

“What could I do, Sir? (addressing Dr. Alford,) I durst not trifle with the sacred dictates of my conscience, nor act the hypocrite in so awful an affair, which I had ever disdained in the less important transactions of life. In fine, I was pronounced an heretic. Le Jellier, who, by this artful manœuvre, had carried his point, solemnly anathematized me in the presence

presence of my father, consigning me, both body and soul, to everlasting destruction; and my father, to complete his part of the business, that very day made over the whole of his estates, real and personal, to the church, or rather to Le Jellier, who is invested with the sole disposal of them for the church's benefit.

“ When this was duly finished, my father came to me, as I was sitting in my own apartment, and taking me by my shoulders, pushed me violently out of the room. I fell on my knees, entreated, and expostulated; but I was loaded with horrid execrations, in which the priest bitterly joined, and, in spite of my prayers and resistance, they mutually drove me from the house, into which my father solemnly swore I should never enter again. His intention I have since heard, is to enter himself a Monk in some French convent, with which view he has actually quitted Ireland, and is to be followed by Le Jellier as soon as that vile wretch can settle the affairs.

“ Thus, my friends, (continued O'Brien,) I was completely reduced to beggary, not, as you perceive, for my adherence to my first and only love, but for scruples of conscience, and by the machinations of a cruel and avaricious priest.

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“ In this situation, my first step was to seek the counsel and consolation of my good Dr. Alford; but on arriving at that place, where I had spent my happy days, I saw the Castle shut up, and every thing about it wearing the face of desolation; that little neat dwelling, in which I had so often attended my dear preceptor, was deserted; the whole village was become a scene of sadness; the inhabitants appeared dejected and forlorn; and every object seemed to bespeak the death of that excellent woman, whose virtues irradiated all around her. At length I learnt the misfortunes which had attended Dr. Alford, and I instantly set out for Dublin, intending to wait on him in the prison where I understood he was confined; but on my arrival he had quitted it some little time before, nor could I obtain intelligence of him farther.

“ Melancholy and dejected, I have wandered about this city for a month past, shunning the conversation of mankind, and living in a kind of savage solitude in the midst of society, unable to fix on any mode of obtaining sustenance, and, indeed, rather courting that death which I foresaw famine must shortly inflict.

“ Thus, my friends, you see before you the most wretched of mankind. True, I am once more blessed with the sight of
Mariamne,

Mariamne, and at a time, too, when I had utterly despaired of ever possessing that felicity. But, alas! how do I now behold her! Too surely as an object which my fallen condition forbids me any longer to regard with that hope which never utterly forsook me till now."

The Major, as soon as he had done speaking, fell into a deep musing; Dr. Alford's emotion prevented reply. Amidst a distressing silence, Mariamne arose, and gracefully presenting her hand to Obrien, thus addressed him:—

"Augustus, as long as fortune smiled on you, I was determined to suppress my emotions in your favour, however dear I felt that sacrifice to be; never would I have been your's, while there remained a probability of your being injured in your father's regard by such a measure. The restraint I put on myself is no longer necessary. I am henceforth your's, and your's only. Obrien, the heir apparent of a splendid fortune, was a lover which it became me to reject with fixed and unalterable steadfastness;—but Obrien, the outcast of his family, is the object of my voluntary choice and tender regard."

"No, my noble, generous Mariamne, (replied Obrien, dropping on one knee,) this hand, which a few weeks ago would have been my glory, had I been an em-

peror, cannot now be accepted without such a degree of baseness on my part, as (wretched as I am) I should abhor the idea of."

"My children, (cried the Doctor, taking a hand of both,) I know not what to advise; I admire and pity you both; surely such principles as these must one day be rewarded."

"And why should they not now? (said the Major.) In my opinion we ought to have them married out of hand, Dr. Alford. I have just now been meditating a scheme for mending this poor lad's broken fortune, which, if he agrees to, will afford them a competence. Will you be a soldier, Sir?" to Obrien.

"I will be any thing, my friend, which promises the means of supporting this lady with honour."

"Why then you shall be happy in spite of priestcraft and popery; for, though I have long since resigned my commission, I have still interest enough to procure *you* one, whenever you will go to England with me to solicit it."

"My best of friends, (cried Obrien,) how shall I thank you?"

"You and I, Augustus, (said the Doctor,) shall be puzzled to find the method of expressing our sense of this excellent
man's

man's generosity and friendship. Do you know how deeply I am indebted to it?"

"Stuff, stuff, (interrupted the Major,) I have no time to attend to that topic; my head runs on a matrimonial scheme; these young people shall be married to-morrow."

"Surely, Sir, (answered Mariamne,) this haste is not absolutely necessary."

"And how do you know that, Madam? Perhaps I may alter my mind the next day, and dispute this gentleman's right to you; for, you know, I had once a great mind to you myself; and who can tell whether we may not yet measure swords with each other, if you delay."

"By all means to-morrow, (cried Obrien, eagerly.) What says Dr. Alford?"

"I say (answered he) that you may safely rest the determination of the question on Mariamne's generosity."

"I stand justly rebuked, (replied Obrien,) to her will I submit my fate."

"Good people, (resumed the Major,) for ought I can see you are about sacrificing happiness to mere punctilio. What, have you not suffered enough to wipe such trifling regards from your brain? Let the ceremony be performed on the third day after this; and if this lady objects to it, I shall suspect her of having

more womanish caprice than I thought she had."

Mariamne was silent, which being construed, and without doubt intended, as a tacit consent, the nuptials were fixed at the time given by the Major, after which it was agreed that Obrien should accompany him to England, in order to be established in the army, and that Mariamne should remain with the Doctor till that business was fully adjusted.

CHAP.

CH H A P. V.

AND now the happiest family party in Dublin was unquestionably that which Dr. Alford's domestic scene exhibited. The hours of joy passed swiftly on. The evening of the second day was arrived; a small repast was got ready, and the three gentlemen waited only the presence of Mariamne to partake of it, with the ease and good-humour of persons whose secret recesses of the heart dare brave the severest scrutiny;—but Mariamne was not to be found.

“She is doubtless in the grove adjoining the garden-hedge,” said the Doctor.

He had himself formerly taught her to cultivate the pleasures of private meditation, and he doubted not but she had now retired to that spot for the same purpose as, he knew, was in general her custom on a fine evening. To the grove O'Brien hastily ran, but found not his Mariamne there. In vain he called on her name;—still echoes only returned the sound.

Ah! how sudden the transition from bliss to misery! In one short hour all joy
was

was fled this late happy abode: sorrow, despair, and dreadful surmises triumphed in its room. The morning came,—that morning which was to have completed the felicity of two faithful and virtuous hearts,—but no traces of the intended bride could be met with; all was dark conjecture. During several succeeding days the Major was indefatigable in his search. Advertisements, offering liberal rewards, were circulated; but all was ineffectual. He was obliged to return to England, leaving the Doctor and Obrien in an abyss of misery, which he shared in, but was unable to alleviate.

“You will not go with me, Augustus?” said he.

“No, Sir,—I have now no motive for embracing your generous offer; the world can be nothing to me; and my sorrowful and wounded spirit will here find its counterpart in the breast of Dr. Alford, whose grief, I fear, will hasten him to the grave before me.”

The Major took a mournful leave of both, but could only say he would shortly see them again.

Dr. Alford's fortitude had nobly sustained his own misfortunes, but was unable to conflict with the dreadful idea of what might now be his dear Mariamne's sufferings.—Had he seen her a breathless corpse,
he

he could have submitted to the stroke, but the uncertainty of her present fate was dreadful. His corporeal vigour sensibly declined under the perpetual agitation of an anxious mind; and Obrien felt his own sufferings augmented by a painful witnessing those of his friend. At the expiration of a fortnight, their distress was somewhat alleviated by the following letter.

‘ KNOWING, as I well do, the paternal tenderness with which I am honoured by my ever honoured and dear Dr. Alford, I hasten to relieve the anxiety he suffers on my account, by assuring him that I am well, and in perfect safety from injury or insult of any kind. I have been vilely trepanned, my dear Sir; but by an almost miraculous deliverance, have escaped the iniquitous scheme, and am at present in a peaceful and honourable asylum. More than this I think is not expedient to add; the safety of those I love restrains my pen, and checks the ardent desire I feel to inform you of every particular relative to the base affair; but this must be the subject of a future letter. Meantime be so good, Sir, as to render every consolation to Augustus which can be suggested from so brief an account; assure him that I live only for him, and that I hear something
‘ predict

‘ predict to me that we shall yet be happy ;
 ‘ but it cannot be yet : to attempt it too
 ‘ soon, were to frustrate its possibility.—
 ‘ Pardon my obscurity ;—but I know you
 ‘ will one day approve it.—Be every blef-
 ‘ sing the attendant of my venerable pre-
 ‘ ceptor and friend.

‘ Your

‘ MARIAMNE.’

This intelligence, like the faint rays of the sun penetrating the gloom of a clouded sky, diffused a gleam of hope through the dejected minds of the Doctor and Obrien ; it was a ray of comfort, with which they perceived they ought to rest satisfied for the present, not doubting that Mariamne had such reasons for her secrecy as prudence would one day fully justify. It was the opinion of Dr. Alford, that Obrien should now pursue that prospect of good fortune which Major M’Kenzie’s friendly proposal had opened to him.

“ You see, Augustus, (said he,) by this very singular event, that the proper period for your being united to Mariamne is not yet arrived ; hope for it, however, and endeavour to qualify yourself for happiness by properly enduring the probationary term which seems to be intended for you. The men of the world will tell you that

that courage and perseverance conquer all difficulties ; now I draw the same argument, but from a far superior source, namely, religion ; that patience, which is the indispensable duty of a christian, not only supports the mind under calamities, but is the very principle which enables us to surmount them, by giving that calmness and intrepidity of soul by which every thing valuable in life is to be achieved. Follow, therefore, your friend, the Major, to England, and embrace the means of support which his assistance offers ; but by no means whatever attempt the discovery of Mariamne's concealment, till she herself unfolds it to us."

Advice so reasonable was not to be rejected. Obrien consented implicitly to obey it, and was about to embark for England, when an elderly man, meanly dressed, came one morning on business to the Doctor.

" And what, Sir, (said the Doctor, after conducting his visitor to a seat,) are your commands with me?"

" Softly, Sir ; — matters of importance are not to be precipitately revealed. You are somewhat interested, I believe, in the affairs of young Master Obrien."

" As a sincere friend, I am deeply so."

" Very well, — then I shall give you, I fancy, a little pleasure on his account. —

You

You know my Lady Derrick died without a will."

"It was so reported."

"Aye, aye,—it was so reported; but I don't believe that report."

The Doctor imagining the stranger only meant to trifle with him, answered a little impatiently, "Whether you believe it or not, Sir, no one, I believe, will be inclined to contest it."

"Ah, ah! that is good;—contest it;—pleasant enough.—What, I dare say you think I want a job, now?"

"Sir, if you have any thing farther to say, be pleased to be explicit, as I am at present in haste"

"Do you know me?"

"No."

"What, have you forgot the attorney who was with Mr. Obrien at the Castle,—John Wilkins by name?"

The Doctor now recollected his face, but could prognosticate nothing very agreeable therefrom. He arose from his seat, as though preparing to withdraw; but Wilkins catching hold of a button of his coat, cried, "Stop, stop, Sir, I have not told you my business yet. As I was saying, Lady Derrick died without a will, as it was thought; but I say she had made a will, in favour of the young gentleman, and I can prove it."

"Can

"Can you prove it, do you say?"

"I can,—aye, and produce it also,—the identical will, which no court of law can set aside."

"And how came it in your possession, Sir?"

"Why, I will tell you. But first let me give some little account of myself:—John Wilkins by name; bred to the law, and destined to starve by it; you see I have not yet got a decent coat to my back. Now, Sir, Father le Jellier sends for me to look into my Lady Derrick's papers, and says to me, "John, you know it would be a great pity for so fine a fortune to fall into the hands of a young man, whom I suspect has no good will to our Holy Mother Church. We have found a foolish kind of a paper, which I suppose these heretics obliged the old woman to draw up."

"I took the hint in a minute, Sir; and being already starving in a manner, I did that which, to be sure, I ought not to have done;—but poverty, poverty is a dreadful thing in one's old age;—so I answered the priest, "Father, (says I,) suppose, then, we make another will?"

"He clapped me on the back, and vowed I was an honest worthy fellow, and should never want money as long as I lived. To it we went; but on examining old papers it was clear, that in case her

Ladyship died intestate, her fortune devolved on her brother, Mr. Obrien: there was no need of trouble, you know. Mr. Obrien (never did I see a man so joyful) cried out, "Burn the paper, and the business is done."

"Now, Sir, not caring to put things quite out of my own power, I immediately flung an old useless parchment into the fire, and put the will into my pocket, to serve me if future occasion should be."

"Mr. Obrien and the Father are gone to France;—the fine estate gone to the church, they say.—I cannot bear these things. I love honesty, when I can live by it; and therefore am ready to give Mr. Augustus full right to his aunt's estates."

The Doctor, in a mingled emotion of joy, wonder, and incredulity, instantly sent for Obrien, to whom Wilkins, without the smallest prevarication, related the affair, as before stated to the Doctor. In fine, the will was produced, the authenticity of which appeared to be unquestionable; by it her Ladyship had bequeathed all her estates to her nephew, with a legacy of ten thousand pounds to Mariamne, something to each of her servants; and a comfortable annuity to Dr. Alford.

At the unravelling this scene of villainy, Obrien stood mute with horror and astonishment

nishment at such a proof of iniquity, acted by a person whom nature taught him to revere. As to Le Jellier's conduct, he was not at all surpris'd at it, having long seen through all his disguises, and justly suspected so vile a hypocrite to be capable of any species of wickedness. His first care was to write an account of the happy discovery to Major M'Kenzie, entreating his immediate presence in Ireland, as on so singular an occasion he stood much in need of such a friend at hand. Meantime, though justly detesting the character of Wilkins, he assured him of a reward proportionable to the service, as soon as he should obtain legal possession of his right.

This was just what the old villain wanted, and had foreseen. Neither Mr Obrien or Le Jellier suspecting the proof he had in his power against them, they had not been very exact in discharging the debt of gratitude which the attorney thought his due. He had often pressed them for money, but could never obtain a sum adequate to his occasions and expectation. At length, finding they had finally quitted Ireland, without taking the smallest notice of their obligation, he began to meditate on turning the affair more to his own advantage. Augustus, he knew, was as remarkable for generosity, as his

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father

father had been for avarice; and he had no doubt but the young gentleman would behave towards him with proper liberality.

Thus it is, that Divine justice often compels the base and selfish to subserve his all-perfect plan, by acting conformably to their own detestable principles.

C H A P. VI.

MAJOR M'KENZIE no sooner received his friend's letter, than he immediately set out for Ireland. By his direction and assistance the affair was brought before the proper court of law; but the culprits, conscious of guilt, took no steps whatever to contest the claims of Augustus; he was therefore legally invested with a right to the estates of his late aunt, and, accompanied by the Major, took possession of them in due form.

On this occasion the joy of the populace in the environs of the Castle was excessive. They had bitterly groaned under the tyranny of Le Jellier; but in seeing their young landlord, who was sincerely beloved by them all, restored to his lawful right, they doubted not of experiencing a return of those halcyon days they had enjoyed

under the patronage of the worthy Lady Derrick.

Augustus ordered the Castle to be thrown open, and the tenants to be hospitably entertained; he also distributed a handsome sum of money amongst them, as an earnest of his future favour. He staid only a few days with them; but during that space most of the domestics of his late aunt, who had been so scandalously discarded, collected themselves together from the several places to which they were scattered, and came in a body, to welcome a man they adored from his earliest years.

“My friends, (said he to them,) you shall none of you have cause to lament henceforth the loss of your excellent Lady as long as her nephew lives, who will glory in emulating those virtues which rendered her so justly dear to you. Resume your usual stations in this mansion; and when I next return to it, may I see those dejected countenances brightened into the cheerfulness which formerly distinguished the inhabitants of Derrick Castle.”

Impatient to mingle his satisfaction with that of Dr. Alford, he returned with the Major to Dublin, where the worthy divine met them with a countenance which indicated the communication of pleasurable tidings.

“I have

"I have a letter, (said he,) brought in your absence."

"Mariamne!" exclaimed Obrien, in a strain of rapture.

"Yes, from Mariamne. Sit down, and I will read you its contents."

They all seated themselves, and the Doctor read as follows:—

'NOW, my ever dear Sir, the danger which I feared when I wrote my last, is, I imagine, past. Le Jellier is doubtless by this time in France, and I am at liberty to give you the particulars of my alarming story.'

"Ah! the villain! (exclaimed Augustus,) it was he then that —"

"Be silent, (said the Doctor, resuming his letter,) and you will hear."

'I dreaded the impetuosity of Augustus's revenge, should he have known the author of our separation.—I will now go back to that fatal evening which tore me from your dear society.'

'As I was walking in the grove adjoining the garden, wrapt in no unpleasant meditation, I was startled by a rustling among the trees. Instantly, two men, masked, seized me; and, stopping my mouth, to prevent my cries, bore me away. I fell into a state of insensibility, nor was conscious of any thing that passed,

‘ed, till I found myself on board a ship,
‘surrounded by several women, with the
‘master of the vessel, an ill-looking wretch,
‘whose clouded aspect seemed to bespeak
‘him a ready instrument in the hand of
‘villainy. To him I addressed myself in
‘the bitterness of my soul, entreating him
‘to inform me for what end I was put
‘under his power; to which he replied,
‘that I should know that on the following
‘morning; at present he was not at liberty
‘to satisfy my enquiries, but added, that
‘I should suffer no farther injury.

“These good women (said he) will be
“the companions of your voyage, and, no
“doubt, will do what they can to render
“it a pleasant one to so fine a young lady.”

“Voyage! (reiterated !.) Oh, for pity’s
“sake, tell me the utmost of my wretched
“fate.”

‘I could, however, obtain no answer,
‘and he then left me with the women.
‘The remainder of the night I passed in a
‘sort of struggle between life and death,
‘violent fits rapidly succeeding each
‘other.

‘Early the next morning, as I lay half
‘lifeless in the cabin, I saw the vile Le
‘Jellier enter. He approached me with
‘an air of triumph, saying, in a tone of
‘cruel irony, “Well, Madam, I am now
“come to ask your pardon for the rude-
“ness

"ness I have been guilty of, in interrupting your wedding gala. It was almost a pity, I own; but the mischief is not irreparable; you will find lovers plenty enough where you are going."

"Do not (I replied) add insult to cruelty;—and since I find my misery proceeds from you, let me at least know the extent of it. Why am I brought hither?"

"For the most obliging purpose imaginable: I have procured you a passage on board this vessel for Canada, where, since you despised an old lover, you may find plenty of young ones; so likely a lass as you are cannot lie long on their hands."

"Monster of iniquity!" exclaimed I, in an agony of woe; but the wretch, far from being moved by my distress, resumed the language of insulting raillery.

"Come, be a good girl now, and thank me, as I know you do in your heart, for making so comfortable a provision for you. It grieves me a little that I cannot offer my friendly consolation to your lover on so grievous a disappointment, but I am just going to embark for France. I could not, however, avoid doing this piece of service to two persons who have so eminent a place in my esteem; and the reflection of having contributed to your mutual happiness, will be a sensible

"COR-

“consolation to me in the retirement I am
“going to embrace.”

‘I am certain, my dear Doctor Alford,
‘your upright and benevolent heart could
‘never have imagined it possible for a
‘human being so strongly to resemble the
‘diabolical nature. But you have often
‘told me, that no instance of moral evil
‘would be permitted, were it not in subor-
‘dination to the plan of universal and
‘final good.—To proceed, however, with
‘my horrid tale.

‘The wind now shifting, Le Jellier was
‘warned by the master of the vessel, that
‘he must immediately weigh anchor, which
‘circumstance delivered me from the pre-
‘sence of my base persecutor, of whom I
‘knew it would be in vain to implore com-
‘passion; and therefore saw him depart
‘without making the least answer to the
‘dreadful imprecations he uttered on me,
‘Augustus, and even yourself, my dear
‘Sir, whom he loaded with epithets which
‘I shall not shock you by the repetition
‘of.

‘We were now under sail, and the wind
‘seemed co-operating with the wishes of
‘that vile man, to waft me from all I felt
‘dear on earth: but on the second even-
‘ing a violent tempest arose, which threat-
‘ened every instant to sink us to the bot-
‘tom of the deep. The impending death

‘was

“ was welcome to my soul, and I waited
“ with joy the moment which should con-
“ sign me to a watery grave. In this state
“ of mind, I was sitting in the cabin, ac-
“ tually rejoicing in the tremendous roar
“ which filled every other person on board
“ with unutterable terror, when the master
“ came to me, with a look of dismay, de-
“ claring that the vessel would go to pieces
“ in less than ten minutes.

“ But before I die, (continued he,) I
“ would ask your forgiveness for the part I
“ have acted by you. Gold, cursed gold,
“ alone, was my motive. I was bound for
“ Canada, with these families on board,
“ who were going to transport themselves
“ thither. While I lay in the harbour,
“ the man you saw came to me, and offer-
“ ed a large sum, if I would take a young
“ woman on board, who, having subjected
“ herself to the punishment of the law for
“ some misdemeanour, her parents, to
“ avoid disgrace, meant to ship off pri-
“ vately. I own, to my shame, I did not
“ believe the tale; but the reward was
“ the temptation which I could not resist.
“ However, I here swear, that, should we
“ weather this storm, I will put you on
“ board the first vessel we meet. Alas,
“ alas ! (falling on his knees,) I am not
“ fit to die.”

“ I for-

“I forgive you, (extending my hand
“as a token,) for we shall both shortly ap-
“pear at that bar, where mercy will be
“our reliance.”

‘The pusillanimous wretch wept bitterly, but was roused from his inactive despair by some of the crew, vowing they would pump no longer, if he came not to work with them.

‘In about half an hour after this event, the storm began to abate, the heavens grew clear, and all was calm. Soon after, the ship’s master came to me, and said he had discovered a sail at a small distance, and asked if I would go aboard.

‘I readily replied in the affirmative.

‘It proved to be a collier, bound to the coast of Scotland. I was put into the boat, and conveyed to the vessel; and, oh! how rapturous were my sensations, when I found I had exchanged my captivity for at least a probability of seeing Ireland once more.

‘My new companions were rough in their manners, but they had the feelings of humanity. My story, as briefly told to the master, drew tears of compassion from his eyes, which appeared not used to weep. He told me he could land me no where but in Scotland; but from thence he would procure me a ready passage to Ireland; and indeed, during
“the

‘ the time I was on board his vessel, he
‘ paid me every attention which humanity
‘ unpolished by etiquette, could suggest.

‘ At length he landed me on the coast
‘ of Scotland. I was faint through grief
‘ and fatigue; and compassionating my
‘ condition, he dispatched one of his men
‘ to the house of a charitable lady hard
‘ by, to entreat her protection, as he said,
‘ for a poor friendless stranger. The plea,
‘ though not urged in strains of eloquence
‘ was sufficient to interest those amiable
‘ feelings for which the character of this
‘ good woman is conspicuous. Some of
‘ the servants came with cordials, and
‘ soon she herself appeared. My story
‘ and obvious distress affected her. I was
‘ taken to her house, and treated with a
‘ kindness which must ever demand my
‘ grateful remembrance.

‘ And now, Sir, you are ready to ask
‘ how it has happened, that, during several
‘ months, I have made no attempt to pro-
‘ cure a passage to Dublin. I will explain
‘ my reasons. It is but too apparent that
‘ the hatred and malice of Mr. O'Brien and
‘ his wicked confessor have a basis which
‘ no time can shake, nor any incident sof-
‘ ten. The latter, indeed, said he was
‘ going to France; but he is duplicity it-
‘ self; but should it be really so, has he
‘ no instruments of revenge left him in
Vol. II. **G** Ireland?

‘Ireland? Must not then my return thither be a means of exposing you, Sir, Augustus, and myself to new expedients of his malice? No,—here let me remain in the peaceful asylum which was wonderfully provided for me. A time may come, when we may be secure from the machinations of our enemies. I will cherish that hope. The memory of Augustus is dear to me; but for his sake, for all our sakes, I must, I think, remain where I am, till happier prospects open; and I need not suggest to you the necessity of keeping the place of my retreat secret from all,——even from Augustus, except you can prevail on him to forego all attempts of seeing me for the present.’

‘But I will now give my beloved preceptor some account of my present situation. Mrs. Fortescue is a widow, of about fifty-six, elegant in her person, which once must have been handsome; but the charms of the mind, which suffer not by the ravages of time, shine forth in her temper and conversation with peculiar brightness. She lives on the income of a very handsome jointure. The manor house, Stilton Hall, is——’

“Stilton Hall! (exclaimed the Major, rising with great emotion,) Mrs. Fortescue of Stilton Hall!”

“You

"You are acquainted with the lady, I presume," said O'Brien.

"Sir, that lady is my mother."

"Most wonderful! (cried the Doctor, tears glistening in his eyes,) that my poor girl should have found an asylum in the family of the very man who has proved so valuable a friend to us all."

"It is (resumed the Major) one of those strange events which sometimes occur, as if to mock the vanity of human contrivance. As far then as I now see, we are to celebrate this marriage at my mother's seat. It will be a pleasure which my mother, I know, will sensibly enjoy. It has always been her method to derive happiness from that of other people."

"So says my Mariamne, (replied the Doctor;) she speaks most gratefully of the kindness shewn her by Mrs. Fortesque, and calls her a second Lady Derrick, which I consider as intimating a most excellent female character.—But how now, Augustus, you seem the most thoughtful person of the three."

"Sir, (replied he,) I was considering whether in respect of my noble aunt's memory, we ought not to have our nuptials performed at the castle."

"I like you for that sentiment, (said the Doctor;) but, my dear Augustus, as Mariamne well observes, it is possible Le Jel-

lier might have some vile instruments at work against us. I confess I am for the Major's proposal."

In consequence of this opinion it was determined that a trip to Scotland should be immediately undertaken by the three gentlemen, (Dr. Alford, though somewhat infirm, readily consenting to be of the party,) and that the marriage should be there celebrated without farther delay.

"And now, (said the Major to Obrien,) fortune, my friend, seems inclined to make you large amends for the scurvy tricks she has played you; but, as you have deprived me of a wife, do you think I expect no compensation? Indeed, I have a demand to make; it is this: Your second boy shall be named George M'Kenzie; and as I shall die a bachelor, it shall be my care to provide an estate for the name."

"My dear Major, the name of M'Kenzie will ever be grateful to my remembrance; but as to your generous hint, it must not be; I am rich enough by the bounty of my late dear aunt."

"Leave that to me; oblige me with the name, whenever it shall be in your power, and concern yourself no farther with my intentions."

C. H. A. P.

C H A P. VII.

WH O that considers the fragile nature of human happiness, would trust one moment to its permanency! And yet, Dr. Alford, with all his philosophy, felt an extraordinary hilarity of soul on the present occasion, verily concluding there was now no farther disappointment to be dreaded. But, alas! we are often on the very verge of it when we expect it least!

In the exercise of the sacred function, Dr. Alford was truly the shepherd of his flock. Ever diligent to confirm the strong, strengthen the weak, and reclaim the unhappy wanderer, he reprov'd the vicious with authority; but to the self-convinced, his counsels descended like the balmy dews of heaven, invigorating and refreshing sickening nature. In the discharge of these duties, he was one day summoned to attend a poor woman who was supposed to lie at the point of death

in an obscure lodging; and his humanity was farther interested by being told she was a stranger in great distress.

On arriving at the place, he found appearances but too strongly corroborating the latter assertion; but the mental condition of the sick person seemed far to exceed her outward sufferings; she laboured under a peculiar horror of mind, exclaiming in the language of despondency, that her crimes were too atrocious to admit the hope of pardon.

"Add not to their enormity (replied the Doctor, in a voice of compassion) by indulging the still-greater sin of despair."

He then proceeded to suggest such arguments of mercy as well became his sacred function, and her miserable case; but in vain. At length she said, "You know not, Sir, the heinousness of my offence. I have perhaps murdered my own offspring."

The Doctor stood silent with horror;—she proceeded.

"About twenty years ago I unhappily became acquainted with a gentleman of the name of O'Brien, (for I will conceal no part of my sad story.) He was handsome and designing; I was poor and ignorant. The consequences of this acquaintance were soon apparent to the world;—I was pregnant. About that
time

time it was reported he was about to marry a young lady of fortune. I bitterly reproached him with the news; and, to my affliction, he avowed the truth of it; and in a few days afterwards he actually was married.—But to the sequel of my story.

“ Upon the consideration of receiving from him the sum of three hundred pounds, I consented to transport myself to America. One hundred he then paid me, with which I made the voyage; and the other two, he assured me, would be mine whenever I chose to draw for it on his banker. Well, Sir, I landed in Pennsylvania, intending to pass for a widow, and with my money to purchase a husband; but I soon found no more money was ever intended to be remitted to me. My hundred pounds were nearly spent. I was the mother of a daughter, (a lovely infant,) and I saw poverty and want approaching fast towards me.

“ And now, Sir, comes the black part of my horrid tale. Exasperated at the conduct of Obrien, enraged at seeing myself the dupe of his falshood and meanness, and terrified also at the misery which lay before me, I took my poor babe (methinks I see it now smiling on me the very moment I was contriving its destruction. I took my child, and with the little money I had

I had remaining, hired a woman, who was going to Ireland, to carry the babe with her, and there to put it down at Mr. Obrien's door. Thus I thought to revenge myself, by sowing disturbances between him and his wife. But, alas! I was only preparing wretchedness for myself.

"Several years now passed, and I went through a variety of circumstances, sometimes rich, sometimes poor; but amongst them all, never thought of my poor baby, till being seized with a violent illness, I was brought to the point of death; then it was, that my cruel barbarity stared me, as it were, in my face; and I vowed, that if ever I recovered, I would go to Ireland in search of my daughter.

"It is now a week since I landed. You see my condition, Sir, and perhaps you pity me; but I deserve it not; yet could I reach that part of the country where Mr. Obrien dwells, cruel as he is, perhaps he may give me some relief."

Doctor Alford told her that Mr. Obrien was not in Ireland, to which she replied, that, then her principal hopes were cut off; nevertheless, should she ever recover, she was resolved never to know rest till she had found her poor abandoned child, or learned what had become of her.

"My

“My poor woman, (resumed the Doctor,) I pity your condition, and own your remorse is just; yet there seems to me something visionary in your determination. How is it possible your daughter, but an infant when she came from you, that you should now know her, were you even to meet with her.”

“Sir, (replied the woman,) I should know her amongst a hundred, by a scar which I am sure she will carry to her grave. It is on the inside of the left wrist, and was occasioned by a basin of boiling water being upset as the babe lay in my lap.”

“A scar on the inside of the left wrist! (greatly agitated.) What year do you say the child sailed for Ireland?”

“In the year sixty-seven, the latter end of August.”

“Did you never hear whether the ship arrived?”

“Alas, Sir, I never enquired about it, —the more to my shame. The woman who had charge of the child was to have written me an account how she had disposed of it; but I never heard a word from her.”

The Doctor here slipping a piece of money into the woman's hand, told her he would see her again on the morrow, and hurried away with much emotion.

He

He entered his own parlour with a pensive and solemn air, which much surprised the Major and Augustus.

"Are you not well, Sir?"

The Doctor replied only by a deep groan.

"My dear Sir, what is the matter?"

He gave a second groan.—After a melancholy pause, "Augustus, (said he,) did you ever observe a scar on the inside of Mariamne's left wrist?"

"Yes, very often."

"So have I, (sighing.) —She was, I think, wrecked on our coast the fifth of October, in the year sixty-seven."

"So my aunt, Lady Derrick, used to say."

"Yes, yes, —I carefully registered the time."

"Pray, Sir, what do you mean by these minute observations?"

"To prove, I fear, a circumstance which you my poor lad, will be most unwilling to admit. —Mariamne is your sister."

The Doctor then related what had passed between himself and the stranger, from all which it appeared that the fact was too clear.

"In behalf of your feelings, Augustus, (continued he,) I suffer inexpressible pain on this discovery; yet ought we both of

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us rather to rejoice that it happened at this most important crisis. A few weeks hence would have been too late to snatch you from horror and misery."

O'Brien made no reply, but left the room, with a countenance of unutterable anguish.

Major M'Kenzie swore he was inclined to suspect the whole affair to be a vile forgery; but the Doctor clearly convinced him there could be no interest to prompt such a measure.

"Do you not observe, (said he,) that if this woman was an impostor, the circumstance of Mariamne's marriage with Augustus would be an event which interest would lead her to promote rather than to frustrate. That very consideration, Sir, is the proof of the poor creature's sincerity. Besides, my meeting with her was so very accidental a circumstance, that I am convinced she could have no knowledge of me, even by name.

The Major's incredulity was forced to bend before so plain a demonstration; and he now shed tears in behalf of the young people, whose feelings must be so severely wounded by the fatal discovery.

"Tell me not of feelings, (cried the Doctor, warmly;) if they have the feelings they ought to have, they will be thankful for such discovery."

"My

" My good Dr. Alford, (replied the Major, shaking his head,) you are, I fancy, better acquainted with what human nature should be than what it is. The minds of those unfortunate young people are, I know, inspired with the best and noblest principles; yet I much doubt whether the philosophy or religion of either will be able, for some time at least, to endure such a stroke with equanimity. It is happy for Mariamne that she is with a tender intelligent friend of her own sex; and there, I suppose, you judge it eligible for her to remain."

The Doctor nodded assent.

" Well then, (he resumed,) I will soon set out for Scotland, and procure my mother to break the intelligence to her in the manner her good sense and tenderness shall suggest; and as I can possibly be of no service here, I will leave my poor friend Obrien to your care: you will, I am confident, compose his mind sooner than any other person in the world; but time alone must be the grand restorer of peace to them both."

C H A P. VIII.

TH E Major was a man of great sensibility. He wished not to witness the sufferings of Obrien, to the relief of which he was himself too deeply affected to be able to administer; and well he knew, that under a disappointment of so tender and delicate a nature, nothing but the arguments which religion suggests could possibly be of effect. He therefore left Ireland, with very different sensations from those with which he last had returned to it, when the prospect of participating in the happiness of beloved friends had accelerated his voyage.

After his departure, Dr. Alford, with the tenderness of a friend, and the piety of a sincere christian, endeavoured to reduce the agitated mind of Obrien to humble and tranquil acquiescence, but not with the success he had promised himself.

He succeeded, indeed, so far as to repress those indecent murmurs which fell from his lips in the first emotions of a heart susceptible of the liveliest impressions; but these were succeeded by a sullen melancholy, which studiously avoided an intercourse with society. He spent his days alone, shunning as much as possible even the conversation of the Doctor. At length, with an aspect rather more composed than before, he one day addressed him to the following purpose:—

“ My dear Sir, I sensibly feel that my presence with you must be the means of depriving you of the only satisfaction you value on earth, the society of your Mariamne. We, I am convinced, must meet no more; and as the whole world is equally a desert to me now, I purpose leaving Ireland for ever. But, before my departure, permit me to make you the executor of my affairs. Half the fortune I inherit by my Lady Derrick's will, belongs in all equity to Mariamne, as my only and tenderly beloved sister. Here is the deed (presenting a paper) which confirms it to her. The other half shall be for the support of my own miserable being. I entrust the management of it to you, Sir, and have only to entreat the trouble of your remitting to me, from time to time, the requisite sums.”

It

It was to no purpose that Dr. Alford assured him that Mariamne would never be brought to accept of such division of his fortune; or that he advised him to seek the solace of his misfortunes in the exercise of active beneficence, by carrying on at the Castle those charitable plans which his late aunt had so successfully promoted. He was immovable; and the Doctor had the affecting prospect before him of losing the society of a young man he loved as his own son, for ever.

It was now a month since Major McKenzie had left them, and as yet they had received no letter.

"It is very strange ——" said the Doctor one day, as he sat revolving in his mind the imperfect nature of all human enjoyments. He had scarcely spoken when a coach was heard to stop at the door, and presently the Major's voice sounded in the passage. Scarcely had the Doctor risen from his chair, when the door opening, discovered that gentleman leading in Mariamne. She flew to embrace the knees of her venerable preceptor, who could only express the various emotions of his soul by tears. The Major glancing his eye around, perceived Obrien resembling the pale figure of melancholy, leaning against the wall, with arms crossed on his bosom, and eyes ri-

vetted on the floor. Mariamne approached him ; he started, and turned from her with a look of horror.

“ What, (cried the Major,) is this the reception you give a long-absent sister?”

Obrien heaved a sigh, which seemed to rend the bosom from which it arose. He turned his eyes reluctantly on Mariamne, and speedily withdrew them. He would have spoken, but his tongue faltered ; his whole frame trembled. Meantime Dr. Alford sat absorpt in deep reflection. Rejoiced, as he was, to see Mariamne, he thought the present interview a circumstance which should have been studiously avoided. He wondered in silence at the Major's imprudent procedure ; but he was still more hurt when that gentleman, without appearing to notice Obrien's disorder, or regarding the feelings of Mariamne, whose pale, emaciated form indicated a mind unequal to the severe trial. He calmly sat himself down, and thus addressed the company :—

“ This unexpected visit has, I see, surprised you, my good friends ; but I hope we shall soon settle the business I came on, which is no more than this,—to ask your consent, Sir, and that of Mariamne's brother, to my soliciting the hand of that lady, who, I am proud to flatter myself, honours me with her esteem and regard.

How

How selfish is the human heart, thought the Doctor, which at such a crisis as this can triumph in its own felicity, forgetful of the feelings of others! The indelicacy of this behaviour was so striking, that had M'Kenzie been less his benefactor, he would have blotted him from his esteem for ever.

To the Major's distressing application Obrien, with much emotion, replied, "Surely this ceremony might have been spared at this time, Sir; it is too much. Do you conclude me a block of marble, M'Kenzie?"

He was preparing to quit the room with precipitation, when Mariamne hastily catching his arm, burst into a flood of tears.

"I can obey you no farther, Sir, (said she to the Major :) my heart is wounded more than you can conceive."

"Why then, (replied he, rising and joining both their hands,) here I present a cordial for the wound. Obrien, receive this lady not as your sister, but wife. She is my niece, the daughter of a brother, whose memory is precious to my soul. And now, my friends, (pursued he, observing both the Doctor and Obrien were too much astonished to utter a syllable,) hear me circumstantially confirm the truth of this happy discovery."

"Be serious, my friend, (said the Doctor;) trifle not with those hearts which have been too much accustomed to disappointment to endure your raillery."

"My dear Doctor, and you, Obrien, pardon me, I beseech you, the whim I have now indulged, in which my Mariamne was reluctantly brought to bear a part. But I make ample amends, by assuring you, that the proofs of Mariamne being descended from us are indubitable. My mother herself waits to confirm it. She is at this moment in Dublin, expecting to be introduced to the dear friends of her beloved grand-daughter."

"Heavens and earth! (exclaimed Obrien, dropping on his knees,) am I really awake, or is this only a pleasing illusion?"

"All is as real as you wish it to be, (answered the Major;) but my mother will be impatient of our return. Mariamne, my dear, be so good as to introduce that phenomenon of constancy, your lover, to Mrs. Fortescue, who is already prepared to receive him as the only person on earth deserving her Mariamne; and in your absence I will relate to Dr. Alford the particulars of this wonderful discovery. Augustus will not be displeased to receive his information from yourself."

C H A P.

CHAP. IX.

YOU may remember, my dear Sir, (said the Major, drawing his chair next to that of the Doctor,) you remember I prognosticated the whole of that vile woman's story to be a forgery; but I own your mode of reasoning had so far checked that pre-sentiment, that I left Ireland in a full persuasion of the truth of her information, and consequently with a heart deeply im-pressed by a sense of my dear Obrien's affliction. In this frame of mind I reached my mother's house, whom I found perfectly happy in the society of Mariamne, and consequently full of the praises of a young woman, who fortunately, she said, seemed given her as the cordial of her remaining days. I surprised the good lady by saying that her favourite was not unknown to me, and that I had the most perfect esteem of her many excellencies.

"Nay

"Nay then, (replied she, I will request her presence with us immediately."

She rang,—a servant was dispatched to Mariamne; and in a few minutes the charming girl appeared.

"My dear, here is an old acquaintance of your's, my son, Major M'Kenzie."

"Your son, Madam? (with an air of surprise; then courtesying to me,) I rejoice to see you, Sir. Have you heard from Ireland lately?"

"I came immediately from thence, Madam. Our friends (anticipating her enquiry,) are well. I am charged with the Doctor's benediction."

"I could not find in my heart, Dr. Alford, to present her with your letter, the contents of which I knew must be so dreadful a stroke. I paused, and believe looked the feelings of my soul. She observed my pensiveness, and immediately asked if I had any ill tidings to communicate.

"Mr. O'Brien—"

"Is well, (interrupted I,) and now in possession of his noble aunt's estate, by a will which had been most iniquitously concealed."

"The tender creature here dropped on her knees in a grateful ejaculation. My heart bled. I would have been a thousand miles off at that moment, rather than to be the

the bearer of tidings inimical to her peace.—The tears, in spite of myself, stole from my eyes. I arose and took a few turns across the room, with an emotion of which I never was sensible of on any former incident of my life. I would have given worlds, had it been in my power to nourish the tender hopes which her animated countenance expressed. To crush them was a task fit for a barbarian. I grew sad at my own reflections, and with a pensive air sat down to supper. The ineffable satisfaction which the dear girl and my mother seemed to enjoy in each other, gave a momentary elevation to my dejected spirits. Still was I glad to avoid her penetrating eye, which seemed to search my heart for the fatal secret. Complaining of fatigue, I retired early to my room, but not to repose.

‘On the following morning I intended to consult with my mother on the most gentle mode of revealing my unhappy intelligence; but I found both ladies waiting breakfast for me. Such maternal affection beamed in my mother’s countenance towards his amiable companion, so much reverence and regard in that of Mariamne, that I blessed the incident which brought them together. I observed, however, that Mariamne’s countenance was much more pale than I had formerly seen it.

in. Her mind had suffered by the cruel separation from her heart's dear object; and those feelings had sensibly affected her personal bloom: still she was lovely.

"Searching in my pocket book for some memorandum, I saw the miniature picture which you, Sir, entrusted to me to convey to her. I drew it out, and presenting it, said, "Dr. Alford, Madam, almost despairing of speedily seeing the delight of his age, has charged me with this part of your property."

"Ah! (exclaimed she,) how have I grieved for the supposed loss of this precious trinket. Something impels me to honour it, yet I scarce know why."

"My mother, by an instinct of curiosity, begged a sight of the picture. She looked at it with singular attention, and then exclaimed,—

"What do I see? George, have you examined this miniature?"

"Not particularly, Madam."

"Take it, then, and tell me whose resemblance it bears."

"My brother's, beyond a doubt," replied I, after observing it a moment or two.

"Your brother's indeed: nay, more, the very picture I myself presented to his wife on the day they left Scotland. My dear

dear Mariamne, pray say how it came into your possession."

Astonished at what she heard, Mariamne acquainted us with her story, and the reasons of her valuing the miniature so highly.

"My mother sprung from her chair, repeating, "The autumn of sixty-seven;—shipwrecked on the Irish coast in the Autumn sixty-seven;—that picture round the neck of the female, whose lifeless arms still supported you. Then most assuredly do I see the offspring of my poor William. You are without a doubt (embracing Mariamne) my own blood,—my grand child."

"I stop not here (resumed the Major) to describe to you the scene which ensued, nor to paint my own pleasurable emotions, at discovering the daughter of a dear and only brother in a person to whom I had felt an irresistible attachment. It was nature herself working in my heart, inspiring a tenderness, which, considering the disparity of our years, appeared unaccountable, and even preposterous sometimes to myself.—But to proceed.

"In order to obtain the fullest satisfaction on so interesting a concern, my mother instantly sent for an old mariner, who has resided many years on her bounty, as being one of the unfortunate crew of the Neptune, and supposed to be the only survivor

survivor of the unhappy number aboard. When the old man arrived, "Andrew, (said my mother,) I want to ask you a few questions relative to the dreadful catastrophe of sixty-seven, the particulars of which, I dare say, are yet fresh in your memory."

"Yes, Madam, (replied Andrew, shaking his hoary head,) and ever would be, were I to live a thousand years. I never hear the winds howl around my cottage, but I think of that dismal night. Poor Mrs. M'Kenzie, with one child in her arms, and three other dear innocents around her, came to me as I was working at the pump.

"Andrew, (said she,) we shall never see Scotland."

"I am afraid not, Madam, (said I;) all's over with us; we shall be at the bottom before day light."

"Then, Andrew, (said she,) do me the last kind office. Lash this poor babe to my arm that we may drown together."

"So I did, please your honour; and she clasped the rest of her children with the other arm. At that moment a dreadful sea broke over us, and I saw them no more. The vessel was split in a thousand pieces: a few of the sailors grasped the shattered planks, hoping to escape death; but I could never hear that a single soul was saved be-

sides myself. The women, poor souls, must all have sunk in a moment."

"After a silence of some minutes, which we were all too deeply affected to interrupt, till tears had given some relief to our feelings, my mother held the picture to Andrew, and asked him if he knew it."

"Yes, (replied he,) that I do. It is the face of Mr. M'Kenzie, whom I well knew. Just such a one did his poor lady wear at her bosom; and if it was not that I suppose it must be at the bottom of the sea, I could almost swear this to be the very picture, which I have seen her kiss many a time when walking on the deck, and give it to her little boy to kiss also."

"And how came you, Andrew, (said I,) to make so particular an observation?"

"Please your honour, because the little boy (a sweet fellow he was) one day shewed it me. I knew the face of Mr. M'Kenzie the moment I saw the picture, for he was a good friend to me, so I shed tears as I held it in my hand. The child thinking it pleased me to have it, would often bring it me, whenever he could get it from his mother; but always charged me not to hurt it, for he said his mamma wore it round her neck."

VOL. II.

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"It is enough, (cried I;) behold, Andrew, in this young lady, the daughter of that Mr. McKenzie you so much respected."

"When the story of her preservation was related to the old man, he wept aloud for joy; and I own I was pleasingly affected at the testimony of regard which Mariamne discovered to the memory of her mother.

"That dear woman, (cried she, weeping,) whose cold arm supported me, was then my mother. Often have I visited the spot where she lies buried, and wept in secret over it, as if by some irresistible impulse."

"Thus, my dear Doctor, you see this wonderful chain of events, by which we are at last conducted to happiness. I own, when I reflect thereon, I am lost in awe and admiration, or rather, my feelings are inexpressible."

"Let them expand in pious gratitude, (said the Doctor,) as mine sincerely do; no other sentiment is worthy persons circumstanced as we are. Why should we not explicitly declare an emotion so becoming the dignity of a rational soul, and surely so peculiarly incumbent on every one of us."

At

At that instant O'Brien entered the room, conducting Mrs. Fortescue and Mariamne. The venerable lady, when introduced to the Doctor, with a frank and obliging air said to him, "You see, Sir, I have little regarded the rules of ceremony in coming to your house, so very impatient was I to see a gentleman, in whose favour both my son and grand-daughter have interested me most sensibly; but were not his character so singularly venerable, the paternal affection he has shewn to my poor girl here, must rank me amongst his most grateful admirers."

"And I (answered the Doctor) am most happy, Madam, in the opportunity of paying my respects to the excellent lady whose virtues have formed such a mind as that of Major M'Kenzie."

"In truth, my good friend, (cried the Major,) if you had not so artfully blended my panegyric with that of my mother, I would say that even Dr. Alford can flatter on occasion. But let us proceed to business. We have undertaken this journey, Sir, with a view to save you the trouble of going to Scotland which I supposed your pastoral duties would scarcely admit of; for we should think ourselves grossly deficient in gratitude, were we not to give

you the satisfaction of joining the hands of these young people, who both owe you such important obligations. You, Sir, have formed their minds to virtue; your sacred benediction must now cement their fate. It is both the wish of my mother and myself to have their marriage solemnized immediately."

"Ah, Madam, (cried Obrien, dropping at Mrs. Fortescue's feet,) how does the sense of this generous goodness oppress my grateful heart!"

"Sir, (replied the old lady, sweetly smiling,) were our girl a princess, she should be only your's, in gratitude for the immense obligation we have to the goodness of your late most worthy aunt; yet your own character, so well known to, and justly valued by the Major, were sufficient to demand our ready acquiescence with your wishes.

Dr. Alford's eyes were moistened at a scene so congenial to the tender affection he bore the happy and amiable pair, and his heart was lifted up in an ejaculation of silent praise.

Soon after supper Mrs. Fortescue retired attended by Mariamne. Obrien waited on them to the door, and kissed the hands of both ladies, with an expression no less filial to the one than tender to the other. After which the Doctor expressing a desire to
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C H A P. X.

“**I** WILL readily acquaint you with the particulars of my brother's story; but in so doing, I must advert also to the history of our family.”

‘My father, Sir, was a gentleman of large fortune; a man of strict honour, but violent in his prejudices; and where once he discovered sentiments opposite to his own, could never be prevailed on to allow the existence of any merit or virtue whatever. Sternly inflexible to his own opinions, he was incapable of viewing with candour those of others. Yet striking this unpleasant trait out of his character, it was by no means a bad one. He was generous and sincere; and in cases where these unhappy prejudices interfered not, benevolent, social, and friendly. The sweetness of my mother's temper tended, in some measure, to soften the asperity of his; yet it failed on a point in which her heart was tenderly engaged. They had only two children, myself and the father of Mariamne, who
was

was born four years after me. Equally beloved by our parents, our fraternal union was of the liveliest kind; never did brothers more sincerely love each other. Our first years were passed at the same school; and when we were taken home, our cares, pleasures and amusements were one.

Not far from Stilton Hall resided a gentleman of good fortune, universally respected for the excellence of his character, and with whom my father had long been particularly intimate. Mr. Auflice had been many years a widower. He was blest with one daughter, an only child, of whom my mother was excessively fond, as well from conviction of her merit, as the consideration of her being without the benefit of maternal instruction, which loss she on all occasions endeavoured to supply. The lovely Fanny, therefore, was a frequent visitor at our house, where her amiable disposition and singular accomplishments rendered her the favourite of the whole family. She was in her seventeenth year, when the particular manner of my brother's attachment to her, evinced to our parents her having inspired him with the tenderest sentiments.

Such a discovery was highly agreeable to them, as well as to Mr. Auflice. With

With respect to fortune, the alliance was greatly to the advantage of our family: but the good Mr. Austice had a soul superior to sordid considerations; he regarded only the happiness of his darling child, and therefore freely consented to her marriage with William M'Kenzie. Affairs were in this happy train, when the civil broils of forty-five gave a fatal blow to our domestic happiness.

Mr. Austice's political sentiments had not been thoroughly known to my father till that unhappy period; but the times now caused them to be revealed. He was from principle a zealous adherent to the Stuart family; my father was decidedly of the opposite party. As soon, therefore, as the sentiments of his neighbour were known to him, a violent rupture ensued between the two families, and William was commanded by him to think no more of Miss Austice.

My mother was sincerely grieved at the event, and with her usual good sense remonstrated on the cruelty and injustice of separating the young people, for reasons merely of a political nature: but inflexibility was an obvious trait in my father's character; neither her arguments nor the distress of his son's mind could move him in the least from his resolution. William, for some time, hesitated between
duty

duty and love ; but at last he was urged by principles of moral rectitude to give the former full weight. He bade adieu to his dear Fanny and to happiness in the same instant.

By the event of that contest, Mr. Austice suffered the total ruin of his fortune. Firm in his attachments, he had acted too conspicuous a part to remain unnoticed : his estate was confiscated, himself and daughter reduced to indigence. They retired to an obscure spot, where death shortly put a period to the old gentleman's misfortunes.

It was at this period that my brother's principles shone forth with peculiar lustre. In compliance with the first of duties, he had resigned the dearest wishes of his heart to a father's command, when the indulgence of them would have been attended by affluence ; but no sooner did he know that his beloved Fanny was become a wretched orphan, exposed to the distresses of poverty, and the contempt of the world, than he flew to offer her the asylum of his faithful arms. As there had ever subsisted the strictest friendship between us two, he revealed to me the feelings of his heart on that occasion.

"George, (said he to me,) you know that when fortune smiled on my dear Fauny, I made it a point of conscience to resign

resign her in obedience to my father, as whatever my own sufferings might be thereby, I conceived I did her no injury by yielding her to some more worthy man of superior expectations in life. But at this period, an orphan, reduced to indigence, exposed to distresses of the most delicate nature, doth it become me to abandon her? No, my brother;—I have sacrificed to my duty as a son, I must now be just to my obligations as a man. I have given her my love, and obtained her's in return. I can no farther obey my father, without becoming the basest of mankind. I resolve, therefore, to espouse Miss Austice, to unite myself to her wretched fortunes."

"The generosity of these sentiments charmed me. I replied, "My dear William, I am proud in having a brother of so noble a turn of mind. I not only approve your determination, but will, to the utmost of my power, assist you in the execution of it."

"That (he returned) must not be. I will not suffer you, George, to involve yourself in the displeasure which I know I shall incur from my father. You may be more serviceable to me by acting as mediator between us."

"That (said I) I should have done unasked; and I here swear to you, that should
my

my father be found implacable, as there is too much room to fear he will, I will hereafter share whatever fortune I possess equally with you."

"In the midst of this discourse, my mother entered to us. William throwing himself at her feet, unboomed his honest heart in the same manner he had done to me. The good lady wept bitterly, and said, "I wish it were possible to bring your father to the same generous way of thinking. But, alas! my dear son, though I cannot but approve your sentiments, my heart bleeds at the distress which will infallibly attend you in the pursuance of them."

"So I have but my mother's blessing, (replied he,) I shall be happy under it all."

"That (resumed my mother) I give you from my soul, William; yet—I know not what I would say. Heaven bless both you and the amiable Fanny."

"Thus saying, she quitted the room with great emotion; and soon after, my brother privately retired from the family, in order to wait on Miss Austice. In fine, they were married. And now kindled heavily the storm which burst on poor William's head. My father was soon made acquainted with the event; and surely never was paternal rage more violent. My mother and I thought it prudent to suspend our intended mediation, till he should have had

had time to cool. At length we ventured to speak our sentiments, but he was deaf to our remonstrances. I knelt in my brother's behalf, and our dear mother joined me in the same humble posture; but to no purpose. My father swore he would never pardon an action so contrary to his approbation: nay, farther, he vowed never to consider either William, his wife, or descendants as any ways allied to himself.

My mother felt this severity the more sensibly, as, I believe, she had not expected, notwithstanding the known inflexibility of my father's temper, to find him absolutely deaf to the influence of justice and generosity. We were both, however, obliged to be silent; but she immediately devised an expedient for securing the ill-fated pair from pecuniary distress. There was an estate settled on my mother for pin money, to the amount of about four hundred a year. This she kindly resolved to appropriate to the use of William and his wife; but, though she was not to be diverted from this purpose, it caused so much dissention between her and my father, as totally to destroy her domestic peace.

By this maternal provision, my brother and his lovely Fanny were enabled to live in a decent, though obscure manner.

ner. Secured from want, and insensible to the desire of greater treasures than they mutually possessed, in the affection and virtues of each other; in short, they were blessed in their union, and looked down with contempt on the false blandishments of affluence and gaudy pleasure. My mother and self were their frequent guests at their humble, but decent dwelling, though, for the sake of peace, these visits were concealed as much as possible from my father; at the same time we were equally cautious never to drop the remotest hint of the almost-perpetual discord which prevailed at home, in consequence of my mother's assigning them her pin-money.

‘But, notwithstanding the care observed in this respect, my brother, some how or other, got intimation of it, on which both he and his wife formed the resolution of suffering all which penury could inflict, rather than owe assistance to the sacrifice of a beloved mother's conjugal tranquillity. From this purpose no arguments could divert them, though my mother declared that such a measure must infallibly plunge her in far more acute misery than any she could endure in mere consequence of her husband's temper. Finding them bent on quitting Scotland, it was recollected that a distant relation

of our family resided in Antigua, and therefore it appeared no ineligible step for them to make a voyage thither, as we doubted not but our cousin would assist them with advice in settling themselves in the trade of the island.

‘ Upon mature deliberation this scheme was resolved on. My mother and I made for them a purse of about eight hundred pounds, strictly enjoining them to apply instantly to us, should that sum be found insufficient, or any future emergency should render it necessary. It remained then for us to bid a tender adieu to each other. But alas! that task was more than either of us could well sustain. My mother and her ever-beloved Fanny hung on each other’s neck, mingling, as it were, their very souls; nor was the parting less tender of William and myself; for the affection which had ever existed between us, was not merely fraternal; it was a friendship of the purest and most ardent kind. My poor brother had earnestly entreated for leave to cast himself at my father’s feet before his departure; but that favour was absolutely denied.

‘ I accompanied the unfortunate, but amiable pair to the water-side, saw them embarked; but little did I forebode it was the last time we should ever see each other.

Major

Major M^cKenzie's voice was here choaked by emotion ; tears gushed from his eyes. The Doctor and Obrien were sharers of his feelings. After a pause of some minutes, he then went on with his story : ———

‘ The first letters from Antigua mentioned a prosperous voyage, and much cordiality shewn to my brother and sister by our cousin, whom they found in flourishing circumstances. By his assistance they settled themselves on a plantation, and had a very fair prospect of success. Succeeding pacquets continued to give us the most agreeable accounts of their affairs. My father did not long survive the departure of his son ; but he discovered no awakenings of paternal love : on the contrary, he died as inexorable as he had lived, and left the whole of his estates, real and personal, to myself.

‘ On this occasion, I remembered the promise I had voluntarily given my brother, of sharing my inheritance with him, to which a natural love of equity, as well as the impulse of fraternal affection, now forcibly impelled me. I immediately wrote him an account of the family affairs, and earnestly conjured him to return, and enter on the possession of a fortune which was his by natural right ; but this he declined, with many expressions of grateful affection, and an assurance that

he was already affluent, and in a promising way of becoming much more so. I firmly, however, resolved to bequeath *that* to his family which he would not accept himself, for by this time he was blessed with two children, the dear pledges (as he termed them) of his conjugal felicity. Indeed, I had actually made a deed of gift to that purpose, for I was then pretty near the verge of matrimony myself, to a young lady who possessed all the merit and accomplishments of her sex; but, unfortunately, she was seized with the small pox, which put an end to all my tender hopes, and deprived the world of one of its brightest ornaments, within a month of our intended marriage. From that time I conceived an indifference to the whole sex, and, in order to alleviate the deep melancholy which preyed on my spirits, in consequence of so tender and severe a disappointment, I entered into the army.

My mother had now changed her name to that of Fortescue, by chusing for a second husband a gentleman much more calculated for domestic happiness than my poor father had ever been. She was within a very few years once more a widow, and in possession of a very considerable addition to her former fortune, which

Mr.

Mr. Fortescue, as a proof of his regard, bequeathed solely to her disposal.

‘Thus, my friends, you see we are a rich family, the whole of which wealth will centre in our dear Mariamne.—But to return to my story.

‘I had received no intelligence from Antigua for a considerable time past. At last, in answer to my several letters, Mrs. M’Kenzie wrote; but it was only to acquaint me with what went near to break my heart, namely, that my dear brother was no more; that before his death he had suffered the total ruin of his affairs by a hurricane. But, whatever were his motives; she could never prevail on him to transmit an account of his situation to Scotland;—hence the reason of that silence which had so much surprised me.

‘He had suffered all with manly fortitude; but grief had unquestionably shortened his days; and his widow, with four children, was now left in extreme indigence, without hopes of redress, as the relation who had been so sincerely their friend, had been dead some years.

‘On this intelligence, my mother and myself immediately wrote to Mrs. M’Kenzie, conjuring her, by all the ties of friendship and regard, to hasten to Scotland, where she and her dear little ones should enter on the fortune, which I had ever

since my father's death reserved for them alone.

'In compliance with our invitation, and receiving also from us bills to the amount of five hundred pounds, as preparatory to the voyage, the amiable, but ill-fated Fanny embarked for her native country, with her little family — The sequel you already know. — I have only to observe, that Andrew, the old mariner, whom I have mentioned, was one of those who sailed with them; from whose relation it is apparent, that the person over whose remains you, Dr. Alford, performed the rites of burial, was that dear Fanny, the amiable mother of Mariamne.'

"And to whose precious memory (cried Obrien, with tender emotion) a handsome monument shall be shortly erected."

"Andrew (resumed the Major) was most miraculously preserved, to convey to us the dreadful tidings of the loss of that dear family; nor could we indulge the smallest hope that any one of them had escaped the horrors of that fatal night. No words can convey a suitable idea of what both my mother and I suffered on the occasion. I quitted the army, and devoted myself solely to the tendering her consolation.

'After a while, when the first violence of our affliction had abated, my mother earnestly

earnestly pressed me to marry, to preserve the family from becoming wholly extinct. I had an aversion to the measure, nor could I see any lady with whom I thought there might be a tolerable share of happiness.

At length, being at Bath, I felt myself irresistibly attached to Mariamne; and, notwithstanding the disparity of years, resolved to offer her my hand, provided my mother, at whose instance merely I indulged thoughts of marriage, should approve the proposal. To consult her on the point, I went back to Scotland. She was rejoiced at hearing me enter on the subject; and provided only that I would give her a daughter-in-law, (she said,) she would leave the choice wholly to myself; nor do I believe, that in the several conversations I had with her thereon, she ever enquired after the name or connexions of the lady I had fixed my choice on.

Just as the Major had brought his story to a conclusion, a loud rapping was heard at the door, which was succeeded by a kind of bustle and loud altercation, in which the voice of a female was most distinguishable. Dr. Alford stepping out to enquire the matter, found his late penitent (the supposed mother of Mariamne) in a prodigious rage, vociferously demanding

demanding admission,—She was believed by him to have quitted Dublin, with a liberal supply of money, which Obrien, in respect of his father, had given her, with a promise of farther assistance.

Now the Major had secretly resolved on obtaining an interview with the woman, in order, if possible, to come at the bottom of the imposture. The present incident was therefore highly satisfactory to him. He desired she might be allowed to tell her business, which she did to the following purport, namely, that she had discovered her daughter to be the very young lady who was about to be married to Mr. Obrien; and therefore to prevent the horrid crime of incest, she had come at the present late hour.

“And have you yet seen this young lady?” asked the Major.

This simple question, artlessly pronounced, produced a reply which she certainly would not have given, had she been at all aware of the drift of the question. The reply was a negative.

“Exactly as I thought, (cried the Major,) a mere tool of villainy. Now, woman, this instant name your vile employers, or be certain that you shall immediately be taken into the custody of justice as an infamous impostor.”

The

The manner with which this menace was uttered, intimidated the culprit, and she immediately fell on her knees, promising to confess all. The substance of which confession was, that a footboy in the Doctor's family had been bribed to become a spy, by constantly giving Lady Catharine Macauley intelligence of every thing which passed in the house;—that her Ladyship maintained constant correspondence with le Jellier; and therefore, as soon as she was informed of Mariamne's having escaped the plot he had laid for her final banishment, she had given the priest speedy intelligence, who thereupon suggested the story which this woman had related. She was a creature of Lady Catherine, who had tutored and instructed her in the part she was to act.

The prevention of the marriage was the grand point aimed at, by which Father le Jellier would gratify the malice he bore towards the lady, and Augustus be still at liberty to espouse Lady Catherine, an event which her Ladyship had never lost hopes of.

The vile plot thus unravelled, it only remained to decide on the proper manner of punishing the instruments of these base schemers. Dr. Alford and the Major referred the decision to Augustus, as having
been

been in danger of suffering the most sensibly by their means.

"If (replied he) the power of decision is left with me, thus I award their punishment. Let this vile woman and the foot-boy be kept in safe hold, and to-morrow morning be made to witness the completion of that event, which they and their employers have taken such diabolical pains to subvert. This, to minds like their's, will be the most sensible revenge; and I would by no means deform the vigils of my felicity, by indulging any passion which corresponds not to the benign nature of virtuous love and joy."

"I am charmed to hear my pupil talk thus greatly," said Dr. Alford; and it was observed, that at the word *pupil*, the good man's eyes seemed to sparkle with honest pride.

The Major declared that every thing should be exactly as Obrien had directed; after which they severally retired for the night.

C H A P. XI.

ON the following morning, the faithful lovers were solemnly joined in marriage by Dr. Alford, in presence of the two culprits, who were then dismissed, with orders to carry intelligence of the event to their worthy employers. After that, the happy pair knelt at the feet of Mrs. Fortescue, and received her fervent benediction, uttered with tears of joy. They then advanced to Dr. Alford, whose arms were already extended to fold them to his heart.

“ My children, (exclaimed he, his bosom heaving with tender and joyous emotion,) my children ——” But he could articulate no more.

“ Plants of your hand, and children of your prayers, (rejoined Augustus.) All which ennobles existence, and renders life a gift worth our gratitude, we owe to your generous cares. Enjoy, then, with us the happiness for which your instruction has prepared our grateful minds.”

“ I al-

“ I already enjoy it, (replied the reverend man ;) this hour seems to repay the anxious moments of a whole life.”

The Major seizing both their hands, cried in a tone half gay, half grave, “ I will spare your acknowledgments to myself, by owning the highest obligations to both of you ; for you are the means of procuring me the most exalted pleasure which a man can be capable of enjoying. And now, pray, Mr. Bridegroom, give me leave to tell you, that, though you are the lord and master of this young woman, you shall not deprive me of the company of my niece.”

“ Nor will I (he briskly replied) be deprived of the company of my uncle ; one mansion, I hope, will contain henceforth the whole of this happy family.”

“ Agreed ;—one half of the year you shall pass with us in Scotland, the other we will be with you in Ireland.”

“ And what (said Mariamne) is to become of the Doctor ?”

“ Unquestionably (returned the Major) he is included in our family group.”

“ My friends, (said the Doctor,) I thank you for these testimonies of your esteem ; but I am an old man, neither qualified nor inclined to share in the busy scenes of life. Retirement has ever been my choice, and here I shall now be more
happy

happy than before, in receiving, from time to time, assurances of your welfare and happiness."

The attention of the company was now called off, by a little dispute which seemed to engage Augustus and Mariamne:—he pressing her to accept a packet; she obstinately refusing it.

"As I live, (said the Major,) they are squabbling like any married pair already."

"George, (answered Mrs. Fortescue,) you were always a little satyrical on matrimony. But pray, my dear, (to Mariamne,) what is this same bustle about?"

Obrien answered for her, by appealing to the company, whether his wife ought in due fealty to refuse acceptance of the first present he had made her. This present, however, was nothing less than the ten thousand pounds bequeathed by Lady Derrick, which he now insisted on her accepting for her own privy purse.

"And what am I to do with so much money, Augustus?"

"Whatever you please, my dear Mariamne."

"Then, thus I dispose of it, since I have that permission."

She then arose, and, with an air which expressed that she thought herself rather entreating a favour than conferring one,

presented the notes to Dr. Alford. O'Brien loudly applauded the action; so did the Major and Mrs. Fortescue; but the joint endeavours of them all were for a long time ineffectual to prevail on the Doctor to accept them. Unable, at length, to resist their importunity, he took the notes, but said he should only consider himself as cashier for that sum, which he ever must regard as the property of his dear quondam pupils. Indeed, it was probable it would one day revert to the family; but in the mean time, Augustus reflected, that the income of it would secure his dear preceptor and friend, for the remainder of life, in a comfortable independency.

In a few days the happy family party set out on a visit to the castle, where they were received by every demonstration of artless joy. Mariamne, at visiting again the mansion where she had been bred up under the patronage of the best of women, felt her ingenuous bosom heave with indescribable feelings,—the recollection of Lady Derrick's more than maternal kindness. An infant passion unsuspectingly imbibed, bitter conflicts of heart, succeeding distresses, present happiness,—all conspired to render her emotions such as could only be faintly expressed by tears.

Mrs.

Mrs. Fortescue and the Major beheld with awful reverence, that mansion where so bright an assemblage of virtues had been displayed in the late noble proprietress; but above all, her tenderness to their Mariamne inspired them with the same sensations as the pious enthusiast feels on visiting the shrine of his beloved saint. They fixed their eyes with delight on a whole-length picture of her Ladyship, which adorned one of the apartments, till they almost imagined they saw the canvass breathing that noble spirit of benevolence which had so greatly distinguished her character; and they turned from the portrait with a sigh of regret, that the amiable original was not still alive, to receive the effusions of their grateful hearts. They visited the sea-shore, and were shewn the exact spot where the good Dr. Alford first beheld the almost lifeless infant, and revived her expiring life in his bosom.—They then paid a visit to the sacred inclosure which contained the remains of the once lovely and beloved Fanny. A plain white stone was laid on her grave, without an inscription; and formerly not a weed was seen to grow around it; but now the long coarse grass grew rank on every side, and almost obscured the humble mound. Mrs. Fortescue stood leaning on her son's arm, as she gazed

gazed with glistening eyes on the stone. All was silent;—even the ancient yew had awed its waving branches into peace, as fearful to disturb the sacred feelings of the social heart.

Not far from thence was the grave of the poor Alford; and as they passed along, both Obrien and Mariamne, as by a mutual impulse, turned their eyes that way; not with a glance of triumph; no,—it was with a sensation, which, absorbing every selfish idea, raised them for a moment above the world and all its transitory delights; and the green turf beneath their feet glistened with the generous tears they dropped to Alford's memory.

In their return to the Castle, they saw the former abode of Dr. Alford obviously falling to decay, from having so long been uninhabited. The once-neat court before the door was covered with grass and weeds, and the laurel hedge around it shooting its neglected branches in indecent luxuriance.

“Here (said Obrien, with a sigh,) was I wont to see a group of happy innocents sporting about this now-desolated spot:—from hence flowed those lessons of morality which transformed the peasants of the neighbourhood from savages to rational and happy beings.”

“And

“ And must so beneficent a source be wholly suspended ? (said Mariamne.) Shall our poor brethren around, Augustus, be suffered to degenerate to their barbarous condition again ?”

“ By no means, (he replied;) though the Doctor, by reason of his advanced age, cannot again resume the part he has here so benevolently acted, we will, my love, entreat him to look out for us some one who shall be qualified to carry on the happy work. It will be seen, my Mariamne, I trust, that we are not altogether unworthy our dear aunt’s affection, but with her mantle we have caught her spirit too.”

Indeed, it was the opinion of all within the environs of the Castle, that the successors of her Ladyship were eminently endowed with her virtues ; hence the general joy which prevailed on their accession to her fortune ; for the space of a month, nothing was to be seen but rejoicings, and every testimony of artless satisfaction. These poor people knew not the language of adulation, neither did they approach their new master with strains of panegyric ; but their cheerful countenances expressed the joy of their hearts, and were to him the most agreeable homage.

The happy pair made not a long stay
then

then at the Castle. Having settled affairs there in such a manner as enabled the former domestics of Lady Derrick to lift up their heads once more with joy, and encouraged the tenants to hope for a renewal of their golden days, they accompanied Mrs. Fortescue and the Major to Scotland, who were impatient to present their newly-acquired relations to their friends and neighbours in that part of the world. But, agreeable to the plan before laid down, they divided their time nearly equal between Scotland and Ireland; and the good Dr. Alford had frequent repetitions of the sublime pleasure he enjoyed, in seeing the principles he had planted in their breasts expanding in all the amiable branches of social and relative virtue; and daily saw the confirmation of his own hypothesis,—That bigotry is not religion, nor human creeds her basis; but that her genuine essentials are, humility to heaven, and unfeigned goodwill to all mankind.